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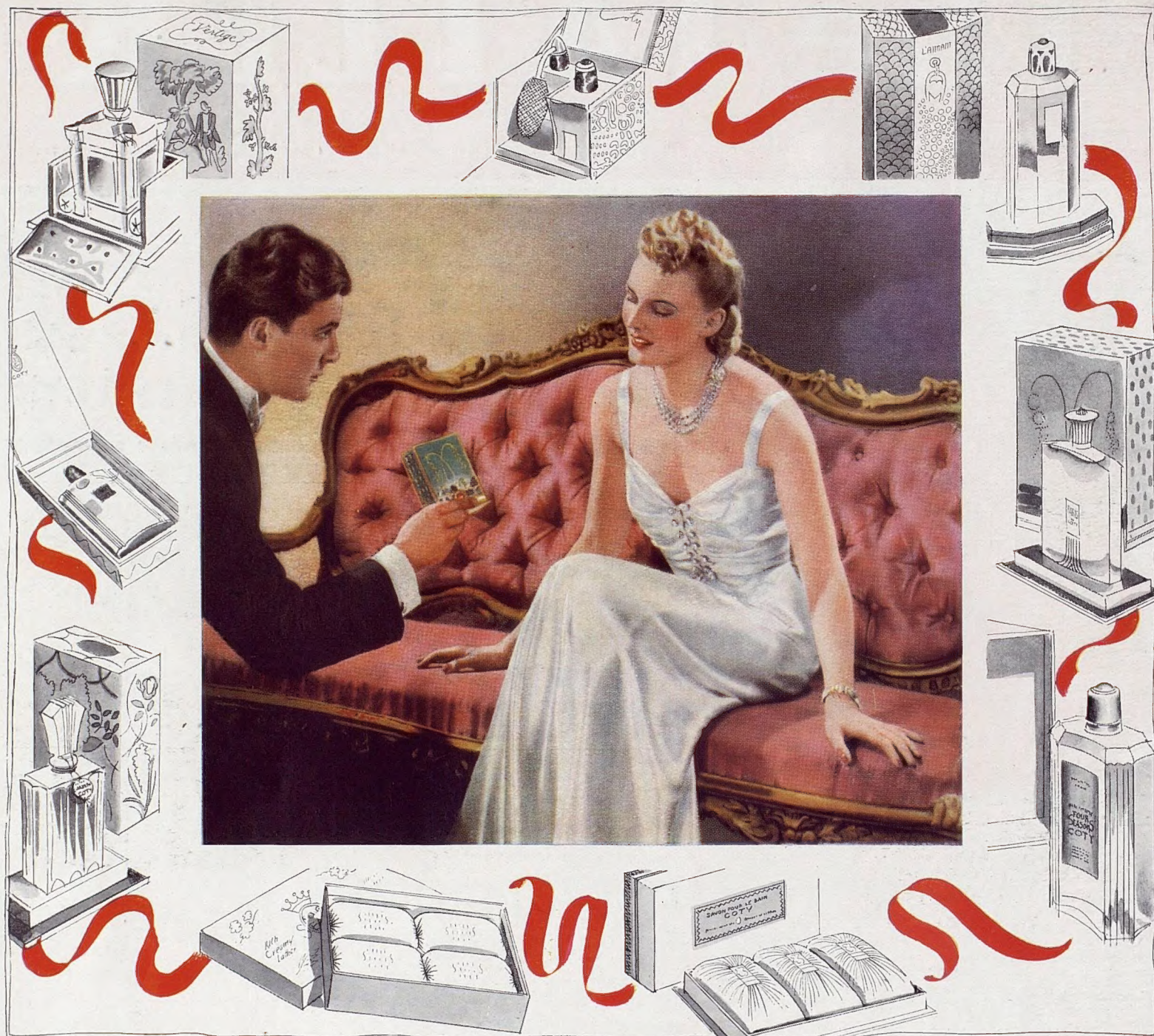
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LONDON
DECEMBER 11, 1940

and BYSTANDER

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Bombed But Smiling—a Red Cross Removal

A depot of the Red Cross received a direct hit from an H.E. bomb in a recent raid. Although a fair amount of damage was done, members of the society were able to salvage some of their stores and files and move them to another of the many depots in the neighbourhood. The Countess of Limerick, President of the Red Cross, County of London (left), led the removal gang. In her cheerful squad of helpers were the Hon. Mrs. Thorold (daughter of the Dowager Lady Amphilh, who married Mr. W. G. P. Thorold last March), Lady Alexandra Haig, carrying a bottle to safety, Mrs. Craddock, Miss Chase and Miss Thompson



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Six Vital Months

WE have entered upon six crucial months of the new world war. Both Hitler and Mr. Churchill know that the duration of the struggle, and its ultimate outcome, will be governed by the course of events between now and next May. During that time Germany will attempt, by bomber and submarine, to blast British morale to the point of surrender. Britain, we may assume, will be trying to checkmate and weaken German ascendancy on the Continent, to hamper German transport and productivity, and to reduce the number of Germany's friends and allies.

Italy has played into the hands of the Allies. It is now generally accepted that Mussolini has gravely embarrassed Hitler by plunging against Greece at the very moment when Germany planned to absorb all south-east Europe without fighting and to exploit the economic resources of those countries. That was a project which might have been carried through without rousing any collective spirit of resistance among the victims-designate.

Mussolini seems to have decided that Hitler would achieve his aims only over the dead body of Fascismo. His move against Greece was nothing short of political suicide. But it has started the conflagration in the Balkans.

Opposition from Within

IN the countries which he has occupied since he advanced into Poland sixteen months ago Hitler has succeeded only in arousing strong opposition. Mr. Dalton, Minister of Economic Warfare, has told us that Hitler is short of many essential sinews of war; from his exiguous reserves he is obliged to send supplies to Italy, if that warrior nation is not

to drop out of the war picture completely. Since he is anxious to keep on the right side of Vichy, he is also drawing on his own considerable potato harvest to keep Paris supplied.



An M.P. and his Colonel

Sir John Mellor, M.P. is now a captain in the Somerset Light Infantry (Prince Albert's Own), and serves under Colonel O. J. B. Philby. Sir John Mellor is a barrister in peace time; he has been Conservative Member for the Tamworth Division of Warwickshire since 1935

Tales come in daily of sabotage in the occupied countries, despite the increasing penalties imposed on the offenders should they be caught. So far from progressing towards a measure of appeasement in the new German lebensraum the Nazis have succeeded only in raising a crop of bitterness and hatred which threatens one day to strangle them.

At home German spirits are not so high as they should be at the conclusion of a run of striking military successes. Transport difficulties are becoming always more grave and, should the present winter become as severe as the last, there will be great suffering from cold.

Oil is not yet a serious problem; but it threatens to become so six months hence unless new sources can be controlled or the war ended by the elimination of Britain. The earthquakes in Rumania seem to have done more damage to the wells there than was at first apparent. It may be many weeks before production can be restored to normal—assuming that no fresh misadventures occur under cover of internal disorder.

German War Profiteers

IN war, as in peace, the Nazi system is a racket through which certain privileged persons can accumulate fortunes. An interesting report has just come through showing that there are several groups of hidden millionaires. First come the armament manufacturers, whose vastly increased turnover has enabled them to grow rich despite profits controls. Next come the smaller manufacturers and building contractors. Then there are the merchants and manufacturers not directly engaged on war work who now have no foreign competition to face, and lastly the great agricultural landowners engaged on food production.

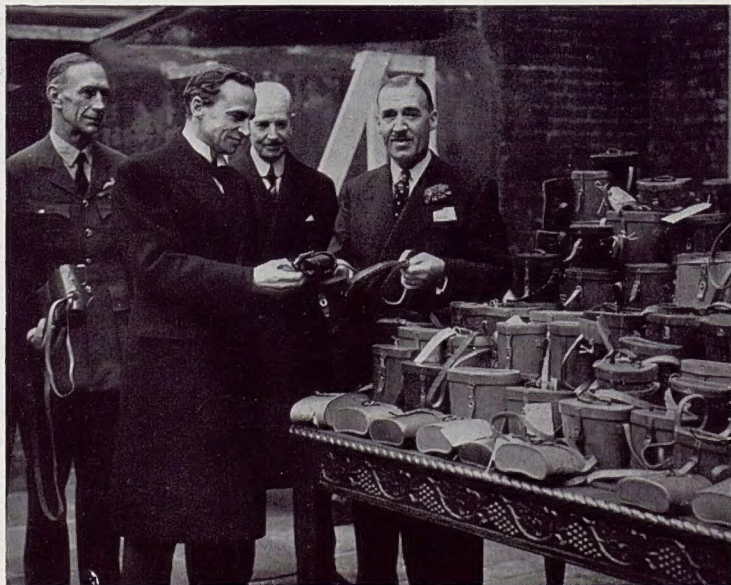
Another class of German profiteers are the business and professional men who no longer have to meet competition from the Jews, but have taken over the businesses and practices of those unfortunate people.

Finally, and perhaps most important, are the German political plutocrats; the men like Goering who have amassed great fortunes through their political power and the



A Present from Java

Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands handed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Kingsley Wood, the very handsome present made by the people of Java to Mr. Churchill for his birthday. This took the form of a £35,000 cheque with which seven Spitfires are to be bought. The donors have requested that the planes should be christened Ceram, Batavia, Bandoeng, Merapi, Soebang, Toba and O.A.B., the last having been subscribed for by Netherlands Indian Army N.C.O.s



A Present from Opticians

A hundred binoculars have been presented for the use of the Observer Corps by the Joint War Emergency Committee of the Optical Profession. Sir Archibald Sinclair, Air Minister, received the gift, is here with Mr. Hayes, Secretary of the British Optical Association. These have been contributed as part of the national scheme of binocular collection inaugurated by Lord Derby. The Optical Association are at work on a telescopic sight which is also to be given to the Observer Corps when it is ready

commanding positions they fill in controlling the economic life of the country.

No estimate is given of the total number of Nazi profiteers ranking as "millionaires," but the report to which I refer implies that they are very numerous. It is added that Hitler has no objection.

Sir Samuel's Success

TIME will show whether Sir Samuel Hoare has adopted the right line in Spain. Since he went there as special Ambassador he has devoted all his energies to a policy of appeasement, and has persuaded the British Government to endorse his views. The immediate mark of his success has been the conclusion of an Anglo-Spanish economic agreement from which Britain stands to gain nothing beyond Spanish goodwill, while Spain obtains free sterling with which to buy imports vital to the continued existence of her people.

It will presently emerge that this same measure of appeasement in Anglo-Spanish relations may have a beneficial effect on British relations with France, and notably may strengthen the Free French Movement in North Africa. For the moment it would be impolitic to be more precise. But I anticipate that the Prime Minister will soon be pressed to explain the position rather more clearly.

Critics of Mr. Churchill's present War Cabinet personnel seem determined to make an issue of the Spanish policy and will doubtless draw some support from the fact that the United States has not favoured the extension of privileges to Spain without insisting on a quid pro quo in the form of a public declaration of absolute neutrality. This movement is again aimed against the position and policy of Lord Halifax as Foreign Secretary. He is represented as being too sweetly reasonable.

War Cabinet Changes?

SINCE the recent debate in Parliament on the British war effort and the full employment of manpower there has been renewed talk of changes in the membership of the War Cabinet. In particular, gossip is concerned with the future of Mr. Arthur Greenwood, who acts as co-ordinator and chairman to a number of highly technical committees which conduct their activities in Richmond Terrace and elsewhere.

Talk has also been revived about Lord Beaverbrook. It is said that the Prime Minister is now less convinced than formerly that his contributions to the work of the Cabinet are indispensable. If changes should come they would, I think, be likely to aim at providing the Premier, in his capacity as Minister of Defence, with a team more familiar with problems of strategy. Mr. Churchill could then follow his natural bent—origination of ideas and new methods for winning the war in the military sphere.

At Broadcasting House

I HEAR talk of an important change impending at the B.B.C. It will involve the appointment of a new head in succession to Mr. F. W. Ogilvy. The impression prevails that with this new appointment will come important modifications in the degree of control now exercised by the Foreign Office over our broadcasts in foreign languages. At present the relations between the two are little more than consultative.

It might have been thought that the appropriate department to exercise this larger measure of control would have been the Ministry of Information which, it was earlier assumed, had been created as the British version of the enemy propaganda ministries. But this does not seem to be the present idea. Indeed, so far as can be judged from the

known facts, Mr. Duff Cooper's functions as Minister of Information, are becoming less and less concerned with propaganda as an instrument of warfare.

Little by little such activities as we pursue in this direction are passing under the control of Dr. Dalton, who interprets "economic warfare" as an all-embracing title covering almost every fighting function other than those performed by the armed forces.

Lord Lothian's Busy Days

BACK in Washington Lord Lothian has an even busier time ahead than that which preceded his trip to England. When he saw President Roosevelt he found the great man bearing all the evidences of having been in "a horse race." In east Atlantic English he was tired and feeling the after effects of a

very strenuous election campaign. In the circumstances I imagine that Lord Lothian deferred presenting the personal letter to the President from Mr. Churchill which he carried with him in his attache case.

That letter, or memorandum, undoubtedly sets forth the war situation as the Prime Minister saw it, and indicates the directions in which American aid could most usefully be extended. Mr. Churchill will certainly have explained our reasons for wishing to extend a friendly hand to Spain, and to make things easier for pro-Allied sentiments in France to take tangible form. It must obviously have underlined the shipping position, which cannot be viewed with any easy complacency.

It is my own belief that Mr. Churchill must have stressed particularly the quiet but menacing penetration of Japan into Indo-China. While

(Concluded on page 454)



Johnson, Oxford

An Ex-Minister at the Oxford Union

Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, M.P., former Minister for War, spoke at the Oxford Union in support of the motion "that this house would welcome a more thorough organisation for war and an intensification of offensive strategy." The motion was carried by 243 to 86 votes. In this group are Mr. Kenneth G. I. Jones, Treasurer-Elect of the Union and President of the Oxford University Liberal Club, Mr. Hore-Belisha, Mr. J. Comyn, President of the Union, and Mr. Edgar Granville, Liberal M.P. for Eye, Suffolk



A Soldier Sits for a War Artist

Edward Seago painted this picture of R. G. Eves, war artist, painting a portrait of Lieutenant-General C. G. E. Auchinleck. General Auchinleck, who comes from Perthshire, was appointed last month to succeed General Sir R. A. Cassels as C.-in-C. in India. He goes there from the Southern Command, which he took over in July from General Sir Alan Brooke. He was in India from 1929, his last command being the Meerut District. Since then he has commanded in Norway and led the 5th Corps in France

Two Generations: Work Parties, War Relief, Weddings



Lady Alastair Innes-Ker and Miss Florence O. Nelson



Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, the Duke of Roxburghe's aunt, and Miss Florence O. Nelson are two workers for the Dudley House Committee, a group of American women who receive and distribute material from the British War Relief Fund in America. Bombed out of their Park Lane home, the committee's headquarters are now in Grosvenor Street, at the former American Women's Club

Lady Alexander Kennedy

Lady Alexander Kennedy is one of the Windsor residents who work at the Hospital Supplies Depot there run by Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill. She is the widow of a son of the second Marquess of Ailsa



Lady Kavanagh and Mrs. Elles

Two more of Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill's band of hospital-supply makers are Lady Kavanagh and Mrs. Elles. The former is the wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Kavanagh, Governor of the Military Knights of Windsor

Lady Carolyn Howard, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Carlisle, is now a company assistant (second lieutenant) in the A.T.S. One of the Carlisle places, Castle Howard, now occupied by a school, was partly burned down last month. It is among the most famous of the great houses of Yorkshire

Two girls who went in uniform to the Sudeley-Bromley wedding were Miss Cynthia Toulmin and Miss Rosalind Forbes (below). A picture of the bride and bridegroom appears on page 423



Lady Carolyn Howard



Miss Cynthia Toulmin, Miss Rosalind Forbes



Lady Moyra Forester and Mr. Timothy Tufnell

Lady Moyra Forester, daughter of the Earl of Ossory, who was married herself last May, and Sec. Lt. Timothy Tufnell were guests at the London wedding of Captain George Clark and Miss Lavinia Shaw Stewart (TATLER, December 4)

Newmarket December Sales

The late
Sir Abe Bailey's Bloodstock
Under the Hammer



Standing in the parade ring at The Severals, Newmarket, are mares and foals of the late Sir Abe Bailey, the very successful owner, who died in August at Capetown. His death was a great loss to the Turf. He was a fine sportsman and did much to improve the stamina of British bloodstock

At the Newmarket December Sales, many well-known trainers and owners were present to see the auction of the late Sir Abe Bailey's brood mares, foals, yearlings, horses in training, stallions, and fillies out of training. The only horse not offered for sale was Son-in-Law, now thirty years old, Sir Abe Bailey's favourite, and founder of the most famous line of stayers in the country. The prices fetched were satisfactory under the circumstances, the highest price of 5,200 guineas being paid by Lord Glanely for the stallion, Tiberius.

The Hon. George Lambton, famous trainer, discusses the sale with Gordon Richards, champion jockey. He rode the Aga Khan's Turkhan to victory in the Yorkshire St. Leger run at Thirsk last month



The Duchess of Norfolk, who owns several horses and takes the greatest interest in racing, watched the sales with Michael Beary



Mrs. Denton Carlisle points out in the catalogue some of the more important horses being sold, to Colonel Radecki-Mikulicz (right) and Major S. Dobrowowski of the Polish Army



Mrs. George Gibson was with Mrs. Derek Evans at the Newmarket Sales to see the whole of Sir Abe Bailey's stable put up to auction

The Cinema

Current Nonsense: By James Agate

TO most people escape means unreality. By this I mean not something true about a new and unknown world but something false about the old and familiar one.

No manicurist wants to learn how, for example, her Chinese opposite number feels about lacquering the nails of unspeakably old and hideous mandarins. What she wants to hear about is how the modern Sophie Fullgarney feels when some gay Lord Quex de nos jours invites her to share his legitimate pillow. Can't you see the picture from here? She romps the misunderstandings, the overthrow of Quex's mamma, who for two hours and a half has fought a losing battle and now assures Sophie that a kind heart deserves to share her son's coronet and that the simple faith of Muswell Hill—where I am assured all manicurists are born—needs no transfusion of Fitz-Battleaxe blood.

OF all the films I have ever seen *Waterloo Bridge* seems to me to be the most escapist. Most abounding, that is, in the things which just don't happen. The duke's nephew, who meets a ballet dancer in a shelter during an air raid and immediately proposes marriage! There is a good story going the rounds about a young soldier who, discovering a hitch in the marriage licence, asked the clergyman if he couldn't say a few words to tide him and his fiancée over his weekend leave.

But this flippancy is alien to the spirit of Mr. Sherwood's play. The pair do not anticipate the ceremony, the young man joins his

regiment abroad and the ballet dancer is promptly sacked. Which is just one monstrous whopper.

Even in 1914 theatre managements knew that a dancer with a coronet in tow was worth its weight in gold for advertising purposes even if she did absent herself from an odd performance.

AND then that tea-room nonsense. The girl, awaiting the dragonsome Lady Fitz-Battleaxe, learns from the paper that her "boy" has been killed. Does she tell his mother, who has been travelling for twelve hours and has seen no papers? No, she bungs the paper under the table, and gives the old lady, who is quite prepared to be nice, the impression that her future daughter-in-law is a mental defective with a strong leaning towards dipsomania.

Now the girl has apparently no home, no parents, no connexions, no friends. This being so, the moment the last tin of sardines is finished she has no option but to go out into the streets, to look for, and find, a profitable beat.

Well, this beats me! Why didn't the girl join the W.A.A.F., W.R.N.S., or whatever girls were joining in the last war? Why did she not become a nurse and execute a pas de poulitice for the delectation of hospital wards?

No. She takes to the streets like a duck to water. And after plying this most tell-tale of trades for two years she can pass the scrutiny not only of the Fitz-Battleaxe family but of all

the girls who wanted that coronet for themselves! Indeed, I have seldom, even on the screen, seen anything to equal the Fitz-Battleaxe impercipient.

The young officer, surely not so young after two years of war, sees nothing odd in the awful rooms the girl has taken to living in, or in the manners and clothes of her, may I say, stable companion.

BUT what amazed me most was the complete lack of desire on the part of old Mother Fitz-Battleaxe to learn anything of her proposed daughter-in-law's last two years. Had she got over that feeble-mindedness? Had she overcome a certain weakness in the matter of strong waters? Thé Battleaxe was quite incurious.

And then there was His Grace, prating of ducal honour and how it was inconceivable that the regimental honour, which seemed to be the same thing as the ducal stuff, could be tarnished by the woman of his nephew's choice. Suppose the young woman had deflated the old windbag. Suppose she had said: "Stuff, nonsense, rats! D'you remember that foggy night on Waterloo Bridge?"

Believe me, dear reader, the bridge has seen stranger things! But that was the play Mr. Sherwood did *not* write. Instead, the young woman preferred death to shaming the rank and file of the Pibrochshire Fusiliers. Which was nonsense.

MEANWHILE the regulation inflow from Hollywood continues. There is, first, *Torrid Zone* at the Warner. The famous Tschaikowsky Piano Concerto was described at its first performance—will Mr. Moiseiwitsch kindly give it its *last* performance for twenty-five years?—as "a brilliant duello between pianoforte and orchestra."

The new film is a fairly brilliant duello between Mr. Cagney and Mr. O'Brien as overseers on a banana plantation. It is not easy to guess what the duelling is about, since Mr. O'Brien apparently wants to be rid of Mr. Cagney and yet finds him indispensable. This is, in short, just another of those films where nobody knows what he or she really does want.

Mr. Cagney has two lady seconds, and Mr. O'Brien has none. One second, cleverly played by Helen Vinson, thinks she wants to get back to civilisation, but will meanwhile do whatever Cagney wants her to do except keep out of his way. The other second, coolly—incredibly coolly—presented by Ann Sheridan, does not want to go back to civilisation though everybody, except Mr. Cagney who is half-hearted about it, wants to drive her back.

Miss Sheridan, as she says herself, "knows how to handle these sun-kissed Romeos," and has no time for "flea-bitten Casanovas" like Mr. O'Brien. So she follows Mr. Cagney, whom she has time for, into the heart of the banana plantation, and Mr. Cagney, pretending to resist, says: "You and your fourteen-carat oomph!" Whereupon the Warner's curtains come pudically together.

THERE is also on view *The Gay Mrs. Trexel* at the Empire, which is an adaptation of Gertrude Lawrence in an American play called *Susan and God*.

This is chiefly remarkable for its inordinate length and for Joan Crawford out-Lawrencing Gertrude to such an extent that we come away finally convinced that we have been watching Miss Lawrence imitating Miss Crawford and not vice versa. The character is anyhow an excessively affected and exasperating one.

Last, there is that better comédienne, Loretta Young, in *He Stayed to Breakfast* at the Regal. Miss Young is irresistible. He would have stayed for good.



You can't believe a word of it

Mr. Agate, writing about "*Waterloo Bridge*," tears to tatters the screen story of Robert E. Sherwood's play, but passes the players over in silence. Here are three of them, Robert Taylor, the young soldier, Vivien Leigh, the ballet dancer who goes on the street, and C. Aubrey Smith. The film was shown in the West End a week or two back



Myrna Loy and William Powell Love Each Other Again

I Love You Again, the new Loy-Powell comedy, makes them husband and wife as usual, but this time they're on the verge of divorce. Mixed up with his losing his memory and her losing her heart to him for the second time is something about an oil swindle. The result is said to be one of the funniest films the *Thin Man* team has ever made. W. S. Van Dyke II., who directed the *Thin Man* series, was again in charge, and the picture went to the Empire last Friday. The next Loy-Powell picture, called *Strange Honeymoon*, is already on the set, and she is also starring in a comedy with Melvyn Douglas and a drama with Spencer Tracy. In real life, William Powell got married not long ago to a young screen actress called Diana Lewis

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Lunching Again

MR. DUFF COOPER talked away, very impressive, at the anniversary luncheon of the fortnightly series organised by Lord Nathan. He made some knowing jokes about the Ministry of Information, and said that it suffered from having been born grown-up—a fate it shared with only two other things, the Goddess Athene, and Frankenstein's monster.

Everybody enjoyed the outing enormously, and showed their appreciation of the great occasion by standing up like a school when Lord Nathan, Mr. Duff Cooper, and Lady Diana made a suitably-delayed entrance to the dining-room.

Lady Melchett was making hay while the sun shone in a remarkable rustic bonnet, and Miss Wanda Rotha's magnificent red hair flowed and sparkled like anything. Princess Wolkonsky was there: her Albert Hall, Mansions flat has been bombed, but mercifully her lovely possessions and furniture are not damaged. I once wrongly described the exquisite suite in her drawing-room as Napoleon the Third; actually, it is Napoleon the First.

The Duke d'Alba, the Archduke Robert of Austria, Lord Snell, and Mr. David Bowes-Lyon were, as they say, "but a few of the distinguished people present."

Seen About

JOYCE GRENFELL, whose imitations are so glorious, was out walking in the cold in the Fulham Road, just like anybody else.



Mr. E. J. Barron and Miss Daphne Bird

The wedding took place at St. James's Church, Spanish Place, between Lieut. Edward Nicholson Barron, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, second son of Sir John Barron, Bt., of Sawley Hall, Ripon, and Miss Daphne Margaret Bird, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bird, of Norther, Cranleigh, Surrey. She is serving with the F.A.N.Y., and Mr. Barron is A.D.C. to the G.O.C. Aldershot Command

Mrs. Hamilton Gault was on foot, too, in nursing uniform. Her husband, Colonel Gault, is Canadian, and used to command Princess Patricia's regiment. They have a lovely house, Hatch Court, in Somerset. Mrs. Gault is a very good horsewoman, and won the Taunton Vale Point-to-Point Ladies' Race on her own horse some years ago. She was Miss Dorothy Shuckburgh, and used to pilot her own aeroplane too. Her husband was for some years Conservative Member for the Taunton Division.

Giving each other a lift after lunch, both in Air Force uniform, were two young M.P.s, Mr. Ralph Etherton and Mr. Profumo.

Date with Czechoslovakia

THE Overseas League Welcome Committee, ceaselessly hospitable, last week entertained some very charming Czechs, including Mr. Jan Masaryk, who made the most delightful and amusing speech imaginable. What an attractive personality he is!

Mr. "Di" Grenfell spoke most successfully in French and English, and Sir Jocelyn Lucas made his usual amusing introductory speech, also in French as well as English—most of the Czechs know one or the other; some both.

Lady Lucas was there, of course, and lots of interesting people; Mr. Harold Nicolson, listening for a change; Mr. Alan Graham, Mr. Vernon Bartlett, Miss Susan Fass, full of jokes; Lady Rumbold, Vice-Chairman of the Welcome Committee; Lady Alexandra Haig, in nurse's uniform; Sir Paul Dukes; Mrs. Tate, representing agriculture; Miss Eleanor Rathbone, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, and Mr. Clement Davies.

Mr. Quintin Hogg, Lord Hailsham's son, has an amusing line of talk, and some pretty choice juggernaut French. He had to catch a train before the speeches, but talked plenty himself first. He claims that the urge to expression would teach him enough of any language in a fairly short time, and the hypnotic will to be understood is undoubtedly half the battle.

My airmen Czech neighbours both spoke English, but complained of the variety dished out in the North, where they are stationed.

Four "Wrens" helped, very efficiently, to serve the lunch.

Concert

MUSIC is beginning to come round after the knock-out delivered by war over London, and on November 24th there was the first of the new winter season's revival of Beecham Sunday concerts at the Queen's

Hall. At this one Charles Hambourg conducted the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and his niece, Michal Hambourg, played the piano in the Beethoven programme.

She is the daughter of Mark Hambourg, and her mother was the daughter of the late Lord Muir Mackenzie. In private life she is Mrs. Edward Lewis, and her husband, who is an architect, has been working in Bristol. They attempted to return there after the concert, but luckily got no further than Bath: lucky because it was the night of the bad Bristol blitz. They are now living in London.

More Music

THE next week-end there were actually two concerts at the Queen's Hall. One started the 129th season of the Royal Philharmonic Society, with Dr. Malcolm Sargent conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, of which Mr. George Stratton is the leader. Moiseiwitsch was piano soloist, and the programme consisted of Introduction and Allegro by Elgar, Symphony No. 86 in D by Haydn, Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No. 1 in F sharp minor, and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade."

The last is derived from the famous *Arabian Nights*, the Sultana Scheherazade being the narrator of the thousand and one stories which put off her execution by a bored husband for a thousand and one nights, and finally spared her life altogether, the gentleman having by that time, presumably, discovered a liking for the intellectual type. Or perhaps it all went



Lieut. Lord North and Miss Margaret Glennie

Lieut. Lord North, R.N., and Miss Margaret Glennie, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. H. Glennie, of Wedge Farm, Stellenbosch, South Africa, were married at St. Mary's, Stellenbosch, last month. He succeeded his grandfather as thirteenth baron in 1938, owns Kirtling Tower, at Newmarket; is twenty-three

deeper than that. Anyway, she could tell a pretty tale, and Rimsky-Korsakov has put the whole idea to music with great success.

Hunting Note

THE Duke of Beaufort was on foot at a meet at Great Wood lately, the place where the well-known picture was painted. He broke a rib at the opening meet, which prevents him from riding.

But hunting everywhere is only barely being kept going, with much reduced packs, so foxes, at least, may be presumed to be having a good war. Except that they are probably being shot at, like anyone else.

Oxford

GOING to stay outside Oxford, with the intention of making merry in the city that is now alleged to contain much of our brightest and best in the way of people and entertainments, we were foiled by the whole Thames Valley throwing up the kind of fog that is like being blindfolded with wet white flannel.

Mr. Emlyn Williams has rewritten his play, *The Light of Heart*, so as to act in it himself, and the drunken, wastrel father is now the drunken, wastrel brother. What the drama may have lost in shape is well made up for by the presence in it of Mr. Williams himself, and it is running merrily in Oxford pour épater les connoisseurs such as Mr. James Agate and Mr. Hector Bolitho, who have been glimpsed in the streets from time to time.

Sir Alfred Butt was staying in the neighbourhood, to see his son, Mr. Kenneth Butt, now instructing at the local O.C.T.U. Mr. Robert Boothby turned up before lunch, and had a drink with them.

The Countryside

THIS was in fine fettle, when the fog lifted a corner to allow one to see it. Very cold, though, and lavishly plastered with rime, which is almost pretty enough to make up for the discomfort it involves in the way of nipped noses and chapped ankles, for the unwary who are inadequately booted and spurred for it.

A stream, saying those charming, amused things to itself that inspire the poets, showed a frigid side to its character by making sinister little icicles around its edges. And a woodpecker put up a resounding barrage against the trunk of a tough-looking tree.

Catholic Engagement

THE engagement of Miss Hetty Stapleton-Bretherton to Mr. Jack Archer-Shee unites, as they say, two well-known Catholic families. The Archer-Shees are a large and enormously tall family, including the twin daughters, one of whom, Edith, has gone to America with her mother, who is American by birth.

Denham

MUCH gets written about Hollywood. Our own film cities are more humdrum affairs, though capable of delivering the stuff all right.

At Denham there is a great huddle of concrete like aeroplane hangars, with, inside, the sort of corridors one paces feverishly in nightmares. The stages are vast arenas, so high that modern flat-dwellers must almost feel the tops of their heads fly off on going into one. There is always the uneasy obligation to be silent "in case," while somewhere in the distance there is a clot of people making a droning noise, as in foreign cathedrals. And one sees miles of stretched canvas painted with scenery

The Duke of Kent was present at St. Nicholas' Church, Leeds, for the wedding of Sq.-Ldr. the Hon. Edward Ward, brother of the Earl of Dudley, of Himley Hall, Staffordshire, to Miss Pauline Winn, elder daughter of the Hon. Charles Winn, of Nostell Priory, Wakefield, and of the Hon. Lady Baillie, of Leeds Castle, near Maidstone, Kent. Flt.-Lieut. the Hon. George Ward, the bridegroom's twin brother, was best man

for filming the big outdoors on wet days, or when the local, Middlesex, aspect is unsuitable.

We saw a marvellous reconstruction of a small French railway station. Every detail perfect, with a clever perspective of curving line going off under a bridge, and giving an entirely convincing illusion of distance in spite of the abrupt wall to which it led. Rough grass sprouted from the crevices of the bridge; more flourished at the corners of the platform, while in a little railed enclosure was the station-master's pride, in the shape of a full, stilted flower-bed.

Actual Filming

THE day we went this was going on in a very far corner, and was, I think, what they called "back-projection shots." Anyway, the small platform known as the set was crowded to danger-pitch with people clad as the British working-man, with, behind this barrage of inactive toilers, a trio of brightly-painted players, precarious in the mere rudiments of a motor-car, and somewhere the director, wearing his hat à l'Americaine. And, of course, the camera.

Everyone knows how often a single tiny scene is repeated, first in rehearsal and then for the cameras. Certainly much patience and plodding work goes into film-making. The film of which we saw this tiny fragment was an R.K.O. Radio British production, called *The Saint's Vacation*.

There have been six or seven "Saint" films, in all but one of which George Sanders has played the hero of Leslie Charteris's popular novels. Now he is in Hollywood, and Hugh Sinclair has taken over: an excellent choice, as he is an extremely good and experienced actor, as well as a charming personality, and very like the author's description of the character.

Pretty Sally Gray is the heroine, and Arthur Macrae, in support, is a very promising-seeming young man, comparatively new to the films, though not to the stage, for which he has written as well as acted.

Final Look Round

IN the background someone on a ladder painted a section of the side of a big liner that reared up bony, hollow, and abruptly fragmentary, while in the sort of wheel-less saloon car sometimes used for keeping chickens, three men were asleep. They looked odd, forgotten sort of men, neither possessing nor supplying background, but presumably they sometimes wake up and become useful.

Mr. Victor Hanbury, the producer, was very kind about showing us round, and gave us a lovely lunch. Mr. John Sutro was among the people eating, and he has a door with his name on it on the premises, and is apparently something to do with the activities of the Ministry of Information down there.

At Christ Church, Westminster, Captain Lord Sudeley, Royal Horse Guards, only son of the late Major the Hon. A. H. C. Hanbury-Tracy, and of the Hon. Mrs. Hanbury-Tracy, was married to Miss Elizabeth Bromley, third daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Arthur Bromley, of 26, Cadogan Square. There were no bridesmaids, and Captain Arthur Collins, Royal Horse Guards, was best man



Sq.-Ldr. the Hon. Edward Ward and Miss Pauline Winn



Captain Lord Sudeley and Miss Elizabeth Bromley

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon



Mr. Farjeon at a Street Theatre

Punch and Judy

THE other day in a London street I came on a sight rare enough in peacetime and still less expected in time of war. It was a Punch-and-Judy show, trundling on its way, unhonoured but unhit, and I followed hopefully for a short distance, not only because of the dearth of theatrical entertainments in town, but because, even when entertainment is plentiful, I get more pleasure from a Punch-and-Judy show than from nine shows out of ten in Shaftesbury Avenue or the Strand. It is comforting to reflect that if all our theatres were demolished, the Punch-and-Judy show would still remain.

WHAT is it that makes the Punch-and-Judy show so fascinating? Is it the sentimental interest? Is it the historical interest? Is it that moving touch of nature in the canvas and the costumes, faded and dignified by all the weather, all the sun and rain, all the Aprils and Novembers, of England?

Perhaps that is why Punch and Judy are always a failure on the stage or in a private house. They thrive only on the elements. "Wot-a-pity, wot-a-pity, wot-a-pity," screeches Punch, cocking an eye at the sky as he belabours his grim line of corpses. The Ghost wammers in the breeze. Dog Toby's frill sags in the wet and stiffens in the wind, an infallible weather-gauge. Would not a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Puppets prosecute anyone insensitive enough to drag these fresh-air fiends indoors?

THE theatres close, but the itinerant puppets and the itinerant musicians carry on. The wail of the siren drowns only for a few moments the rattle of the barrel-organ with a good tooth missing here and there—than which no instrument, whether the recorder or the harpsichord, is more evocative of the past. To-day will be as yesterday while the escapist barrel-organ, conjuring back our childhood or the first romantic flush of maturity, stays with us.

And remember that if you renounce all escapism, you renounce all art that is worthiest of the name, leaving yourself nothing but the disordered and disturbing refuge of dreams that point a confused, inescapable way to your imaginative necessities.

A BARREL-ORGAN in the distance will always be the sweetest music to me. Less satisfactory is the faint, wheezy gramophone that defies storm and changing gear in vain and inspires pity rather than pleasure, so that the penny you give to the old man who changes the needle—if he ever does change the needle—must be regarded as the purest of charity.

The street singer and the street violinist depend for their appeal almost entirely on their quality, which may be enhanced (if there is anything to enhance) when the

air is clement, and mercifully obliterated (if there is nothing to enhance) when it isn't. To these I unreasonably give almost entirely according to merit.

But there are others who will get a penny from me whenever they appear—perhaps because they appear so seldom and I don't want them quite to die out, even though I may not approve of them.

FOR, being opposed to performing animals, even in the home with a lump of sugar, can I ethically support the man with the bear, who delights my long-middle-aged heart whenever I see the pole, the collar and the chain? I can only defend myself by saying who wouldn't have his pocket picked by Autolycus?

The one-man orchestra, however, I can applaud without a qualm. And from the managerial point of view, there is clearly much to be said for a musician who will play the pipe, the drum, the cymbals, and half-a-dozen other instruments all at once, without demanding Unionrates.

Sketches
by Sallon



A One-Man Orchestra

AND very soon now the waits and the carols will be with us—or, in the blitzkrieg, will they? I can't help believing that "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to All Men," sung on the front-door step, while guns are booming and bombs are bursting, would bring many a grateful and kind-hearted Christian up even from the basement, to reward the champions of tradition and continuity.

And what more magical (bating the all clear) than to wake on your camp-bed to the sound of waits outside the shelter? For the waits on Christmas Eve were fairies indeed as you lay there wondering what you were going to get to-morrow. What, what are we going to get to-morrow? It was always something extra nice. Well, well, let's hope again it will be.



All-Clear Carol Singing



Chairman of the Arts Theatre and Ballet anniversary reception to Frank Staff, Sara Luzita, the Spanish dancer, and his attractive wife, to whom he was married a few weeks ago. Frank Staff, choreographer and dancer, was responsible for the new work presented that day



Critic Edwin Evans went to the morning party given in celebration of the end of the first year of ballet at the Arts Theatre. He is with two dancers of the theatre's own ballet company, Prudence Hyman and Diana Gould



Dancer Harold Turner talked shop with Joan Kent, another member of the Arts Theatre ballet company. Harold Turner was one of the two premier danseurs at Sadler's Wells before he joined the company of which Keith Lester is director

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

A Ballet Anniversary at the Arts Theatre

The Arts Theatre last week celebrated the first anniversary of its connection with ballet by a morning reception and the presentation of a new work. This was *Enigma Variations*, by Frank Staff, to Elgar's music, with decor and dresses by Guy Sheppard. The three companies whose home is now in Great Newport Street—the Arts Theatre Ballet and the now amalgamated Ballet Rambert and London Ballet, who danced *Enigma Variations*—have presented a great number of new works during the past year, but perhaps the best thing they have done is to make it possible for blitz-stricken London to see dancing every weekday. First a lunch-time performance was given, then an after-lunch performance, and finally a third programme was put on at tea-time. Now Sunday performances are given as well. Another new work has been presented this week, by the Arts Theatre Ballet—Keith Lester's *De Profundis*, to Chopin music, with decor and dresses by Joseph Carl

Birthday Party



"Enigma Variations"

The second variation is a pas de trois danced by Elisabeth Schooling, Frank Staff, and Peggy van Praagh (above). The Eighth Variation is a pas de deux by David Paltenghi and Sylvia Hayden. The latter, in her first important part as a soloist, shows intelligence and feeling. The ballet itself marks an inevitable stage in the development of its choreographer, Frank Staff, as his first experiment with the "symphonic" style. Much of his grouping is effective and sometimes beautiful, and though the whole is by no means fully expressive of the music, the ballet is an honest, thoughtful piece of work, interesting as part of the progress of a promising English choreographer



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"ARE ye of the Johnstons of Glencro or of Ardnamurchan?" bawled the old Laird of Lochbuy as he met Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, says Boswell, "gave him a significant look but made no answer." We thought of Lochbuy and the Doctor when we read that the Court of Session at Edinburgh had just begun hearing an appeal in a four-year-old legal dispute over the right to the armorial bearings of the MacLeans of Ardgour: the sort of dispute which any right-minded Highlander would pursue doggedly with the Last Trump ringing in his ears.

The outsider has to be very careful on this sort of topic. A Highland chieftain, a very kindly and courteous old gentleman indeed, head of a great clan, with the manners of the *vielle Cour*, once gave us such a glare of fury and hate when we ignorantly confused a branch of his clan with some low sept or other that we bit a piece out of our glass in terror, expecting every waiter within hail to leap from the shadows like the followers of James Fitz-James and dirk us.

A traveller once told us also that he was nearly assassinated in Inverary a few years ago for speaking lightly of a Campbell's name—actually that of a non-Aryan bookie of his acquaintance, though the glowering natives would have avenged that exotic clansman as readily as any other. It is also common-knowledge, unless we are woundily misinformed, that it is still unsafe in some parts of the Highlands to be too curious about the murder of the Red Fox of Glenure, which enigmatic contretemps happened some

200 years ago and is familiar in its main outlines to every reader of *Kidnapped*.

So, what with this and that, it is plain that Dr. Johnson, for all his size and bullying power, was taking his life in his hands when he gave Lochbuy the bird for putting an essentially important question, and the whaups might be crying over his dishonoured bones to this day.

For this reason we forbear with a light shudder to go into the delicate but interesting matter of a clan which after some research recently discovered its reigning chieftain to be a coloured gentleman living in the Colonies.

Seer

As modern soothsayers go, we vastly prefer Old Moore to his fair rival La Tabouis, the ancient whiskered buddy of the Stars being far more modest and entirely free from that tiresome pretence of having his dainty ear glued by big medicine and strong magic to the keyhole of every Chancellery in Europe.

Old Moore is just as good as the Girl Wonder at long-distance divination—the preface and main prophecy of his 1941 Almanack, just published and lying before us as we write, was written in May 1940—but it never leads him into dogmatic bump-tiousness or orgulous flaffa. A broad, genial Chaldean glow, a kindly endeavour to help—that's the secret of Old Moore's charm, and if the Stars didn't know or forgot to tell



"I missed my ration yesterday"

him in time for press that Gamelin would very soon be, even from the astrological standpoint, far from the wisest choice for the post of Allied Generalissimo, well, the Stars come a purler like anybody else at times, no doubt.

NEXT year, opening with "the luminaries"—thus does the Ancient with old-world courtesy refer constantly to his buddies—in the Fifth House, in trine aspect to that sinister old slouch Saturn and Jupiter conjoined in the Ninth, has nothing much to do with the war, Stock Exchange fluctuations, earthquakes, a General Election (December) and the increasing welfare of India and the Far East preoccupying the Stars far more. July is pretty doom-laden for the Island Race: many notable Anglo-Scottish and Anglo-French marriages will be solemnised, there will be sharp divisions over foreign policy, a financial or racing scandal is likely to create a sensation, and "a notable landowner in Lancashire will pass to the great beyond."

The year closes with "vastly better conditions in most parts of the world, and especially for the British Empire," which is just our tea. Compare, as the dons say, the inconclusive weekly prattlings of La Tabouis, Belle of New York, and stick to the Old Firm, as we do.

Gift

THAT reference to Byron in the resolution carried at Cambridge's recent meeting to honour the Greek Minister was graceful but didn't go far enough, especially as the Regius Professor of Greek was present. They might, we thought, have infused a matey note into the proceedings by reminding the Minister that Byron's Cambridge tutor swore abominably in Greek, a tongue superbly adapted to that purpose by reason of its range and subtle flexibility.

It is of course no special feat for a classical don to swear fluently in Greek. Many of the Academic Horde have had the gift, such as the great Porson when in his cups, as he generally was; and anybody of average intelligence who has spent a lifetime at Greek should be able to shave and dance in it as well.

The point of reminding the Greek Minister about Byron's tutor would have been to assure him that despite the owlish solemnity of the academic dead-pans surrounding him, many dons since Byron's day are capable of

(Concluded on page 428)



"Sireen?"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"I s'pose you ain't got no *other* fronts I could 'elp yer on, 'ave yer?"

Standing By ...

(Continued)

simple, vulgar, primary human emotions, as a sudden shrewd punch on an adjacent nose or two might possibly demonstrate.

From the nice chorus of blasphemy resulting it might even be finally settled whether Gaelic is richer in alpha-plus cursing material than Hebrew and the classical tongues combined, including Yiddish, which we have heard highly spoken of by such connoisseurs as the Hollywood film-boys.

LACKING any authority on the subject whatsoever, we should say the Celtic Group would lead the field, the Celtic malediction of the best kind (Irish or Breton) being rich in poetry and actuated also by that deep religious feeling which, as Chesterton truly pointed out, always inspires the best profanity.

Compare the naïve, schoolboyish self-expression in an emergency of the Anglo-Saxon, drawn from the spiritual treasury of cricket, by Gad, what?

Scourge

LOOKING round for somebody fresh to bark at, the Nazi Press have attacked the prudent Swiss for celebrating the 625th anniversary of the Peasants' Revolt against the Hapsburgs, and incidentally for recently dissolving a native Nazified caucus in their midst. This seems hard luck on the sober Swiss, who haven't very much to celebrate barring the feats of their national hero, William Tell, who never existed outside a poem, like Annie Laurie, and felt his position keenly, by all accounts.

It may be our fancy, but this mishap has made the Swiss self-conscious, just as the League of Nations racket—so we were once told by a surly tobacconist in the dreadful town of Geneva—made them crusty and

dumb. Maybe the sight of all those politicians and their myriad satellites and narks and hangers-on romping gleefully on Tom Tiddler's Ground and pulling a snook at the whole taxpaying world would have turned the inhabitants of Cockaigne or Theleme itself into a lot of misanthropes, let alone the Genevans, over whose dank, chilly town the breath of the lake-wind is not more cheerless than the memories of Calvin and Rousseau overhanging it.

WHEN the League boys were swarming in the 1920's like woodlice under a log, a dance-hostess at one of the more expensive Genevan night-clubs described them to us, embracingly and *en masse*, as "*un tas de chameaux*," a heap of camels. She was a pleasant, graceful, attractive girl of good bourgeois stock, but her mouth was sulky and her eyes held the boredom of the ages. The League had soured her for life, as it sooner or later soured the Swiss and practically every spectator of its gambols except Vernon Bartlett, B.B.C., M.P., whose essentially buoyant, sunny nature even the Liberal Party, singly or in gross, cannot depress (they say).

Enigma

BULGARIA'S refusal, as yet, to be roped in with the other Axis vassals shows that although it may, as the poet has alleged, be rather vulgar to be a Bulgar, those honest Balkan enigmas are presumably stiffening their backs against the oppressor with as much courage as their old enemies the Greeks.

We would call the Bulgar—very politely—an enigma because he is hardy, ruthless, fond of yoghurt, pillage, and violence, and yet very difficult to understand, so knowledgeable chaps assure us.

He was a holy terror for nearly a century



"But don't I get any relief from havin' a wife?"

against the Byzantine Empire, which defeated him finally in a huge battle (1014 A.D.) on the banks of the Strumitza, familiar to so many British troops during the Great War; which victory gained the Emperor Basil II. the agreeable nickname of Bulgaroktonos, the Bulgarslayer. The Bulgar then drew in his horns and ceased to annoy, so far as we remember, for some centuries, barring a bit of stamping round in Macedonia and thereabouts, burning villages and carving old ladies into small but unequal pieces.

In the Great War he proved a good, valiant fighter, being moreover sensible enough to occupy huge frowning peaks commanding the Allied positions and making it easy for him to incommode the enemy grievously as he panted his way up. When captured, he often resembled the Bulgars' Chorus in *The Chocolate Soldier* more closely, as to whiskers and expression, than you'd have thought possible. In his anti-Byzantine heyday the Bulgar wore more decorative costume but was evidently the same old sourpuss to meet socially.

EXCEPT for him, the human pan in the Balkans (and elsewhere) must have changed considerably since Byzantium, as you will agree if you look at those round, innocent dials and try to link them with the gorgeousness and cruelty of that period, the Emperors stiff as idols, swathed in cloth-of-gold and blazing with jewels, the ferocious mobs, the constant clamour and bloodshed and intrigue.

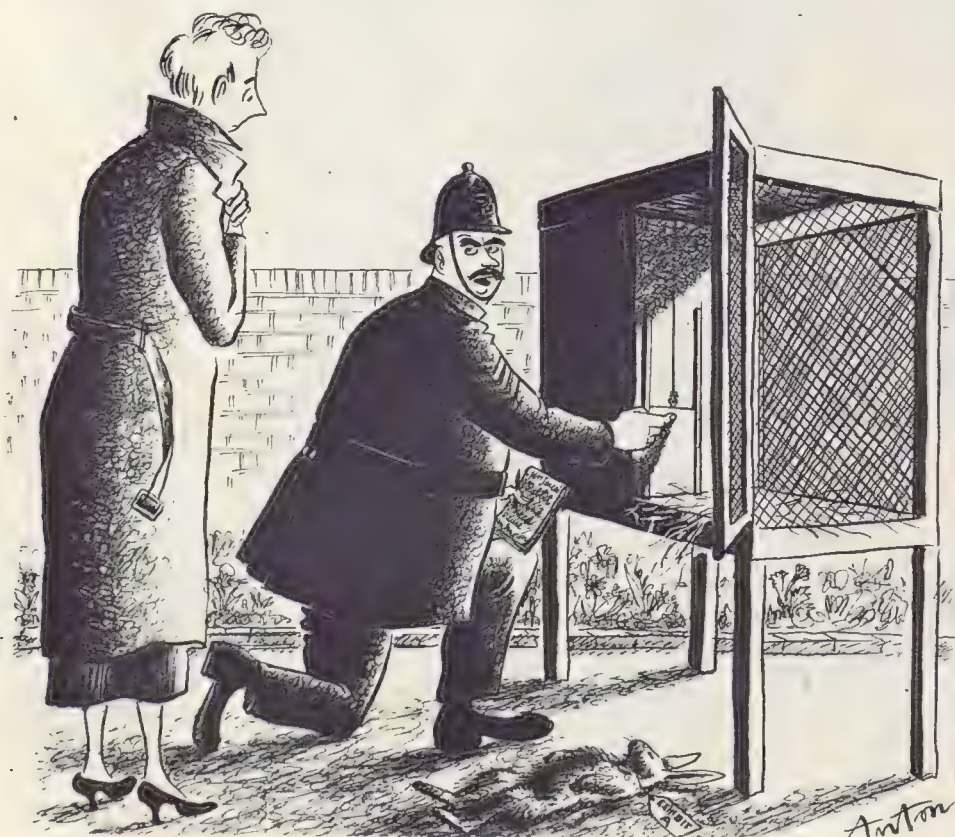
The Byzantine face seems to us a mixture of hawk and tiger. However, we admit it mightn't have looked so sinister or impressive in a bowler-hat. Has any headgear in history made mankind look such dumb clucks?

Loonybin

NICE silly story, which may be new to you (and a fat lot we care if it isn't): A man bought a horse guaranteed in every way except (warned the vendor) that he was liable to sit down on eggs. "I shan't be taking him anywhere near eggs," said the purchaser.

On the way home, crossing a deepish ford, the horse sat suddenly down in the water and refused to budge. The purchaser rushed furiously back and complained to the vendor, who shook his head and said sadly: "My mistake. I forgot to tell you he sits down on fish as well."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"And where does this door lead to?"



Roye

Up and Down

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Dear Lady with a Past

How very true it is that the young always believe that the old were born old. It is so difficult to realise when we are in our twenties that the day will dawn which finds our faces no longer fresh and dewy, but withered and dilapidated. And it all comes about so imperceptibly! Until at last, in perhaps the glaring light of a spring morning, we discover the fact that this same spring morning has suddenly robbed us of all our physical illusions. And I care not who he or she may be, the discovery comes as a tremendous shock. It takes some getting used to.

And how we all cheat! A dim light, and we look at least twenty years younger. And we like to take that bit of luminous flattery for the truth. Only, alas! it isn't the truth, and in our subconscious self we know it. Even then we cheat. Cheat ourselves, I mean. But then, we always cheat ourselves, I suppose, in the face of disturbing facts. Or try to, anyway. We are the only ones to be deceived, however. But then, we are the only ones who are playing the age-cheating game—we and our contemporaries. Have you ever watched, and watching, been amused, at how the elderly look at one another? Always in the hope that the one they gaze upon will be older, or at least look older, than they do themselves.

I suppose we are all apt to regard age from the physical standpoint, even though the mental is far more important. Some minds are old almost from the start; in the meaning, that is, by which dullness is the reflection of old age. Maybe they never really came alive. They have merely jog-trotted down the years. Never raced, never been buffeted, never been "downed," never fled in fear, nor rushed forward in

anticipation. Actually, never learned very much.

The Victorian age, in its fat complacency, bred so many of these. You may see them sitting about to-day, comfortably off and dead, wherever the elderly are gathered together to overeat and knit. No wonder the modern young cannot imagine they have ever been different. It is difficult sometimes, as one of their contemporaries, to be convinced otherwise.

And yet, as I sometimes sit in the lounge of a residential hotel, I would often like to question them concerning the causes which led up to this cosseted flatness towards the end. Surely once, maybe long, long ago, they had their minds and hearts shattered? Surely, also, they once upon a time lived through such experiences as never made life quite the same again? Nevertheless, it shows no sign, and I defy anyone who has ever lived dangerously, loved and suffered, hoped and been defeated, and yet hoped on, not to show it either in their mental attitude towards life or in their faces. I believe, moreover, that profound experiences invariably lead at last to a greater exclusiveness, not to a greater gregariousness.

And the dead elderlies are invariably gregarious. Rather as if a number of these dead ones might, when gathered together, produce something almost alive. Someone alive, for example, as the old heroine of Eleanor Farjeon's delightful story, *Miss Granby's Secret* (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), was alive.

Once Long Ago

MISS GRANBY'S great-niece could never convince herself that her charming old great-aunt had ever been different from the old lady she was when she died: a

bright, witty, white-haired spinster who had written naughty books—naughty for the 'eighties and 'nineties, that is—without ever having known any life but a sheltered and conventional one. Everybody knew how old Miss Granby had lived, and nobody knew anything about her private life, except that which a vicar might discuss in mixed company. Yet when Miss Granby died, a mysterious floral emblem was delivered at the door, bearing a poem on its memorial card, and just the words, "From Stanislaw," to lend it identity. Who was Stanislaw? No one had ever heard of him, or knew who he might be, her relatives least of all. They were rather shocked. It suggested an affair of long, long ago. And no one likes to associate a corpse with an affair, however long ago. What they like to think of is heavenly glory and peace for evermore. Not a lover, who still remembers. Especially not one who writes on his memorial card such lines as these—

Belov'd One! ah, yes! thou hast gone before me!

Earth knows thee no more—but our love is divine!

And Death, when he claims me, can only restore me

To Heavens that always were thine, Love, and mine!

And dear old great-aunt lying there, with white flowers in her hand, newspapermen downstairs, and a whole troop of relatives suitably sunk in woe! It didn't seem right at all! However, there was nothing more to do about it, except to bow to the inevitable and to the mysterious Stanislaw and his disturbing poem. More surprises were to follow. Miss Granby had left to her great-niece an old trunk, and in this old trunk were found a number of letters, and long extracts from a diary, and a very early unpublished novel. These, indeed, were a revelation! They revealed not only a love-affair, but a very passionate and long-lasting love-affair. A love-affair, moreover, so intimate and so wonderful that it made the sex-life of her modern and emancipated great-niece, with her book knowledge, her theories and her real lack of experience,

(Concluded on page 432)



A Pianist—

Benno Moiseiwitsch was the first soloist of the new Royal Philharmonic Society season—their 129th—at the Queen's Hall. At the opening concert ten days ago he played, with the London Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Rachmaninoff's piano Concerto No. 1, of which, as "The Times" critic says, he is "a masterly exponent." M. Moiseiwitsch has lived in England for over thirty years, and became a British subject in 1937



—And His Hands

Pamela Booth

*Pictorial Press*

Leader of Women — Miss Caroline Haslett

Ever since she left Hayward's Heath High School and went off to take up the "unwomanly" profession of engineering, Caroline Haslett has been a leader of women. While she was working in London and Annan for a boiler company, she spent her evenings studying engineering and economics. And soon she entered the struggle for more equal treatment of women workers. She became the first secretary (is now director) of the Women's Engineering Society, and first director (is now president) of the Electrical Association for Women. Then her sphere of influence widened to include the London School of Economics, a number of engineering and electrical committees, and other organisations

dealing with women in industry. Finally she was elected chairman of the British Federation of Business and Professional Women, to which some twenty women's organisations are affiliated. Since the war began, and the woman-power of the country became a weapon in Great Britain's armoury, Miss Haslett's work has vastly increased. Her fifteen-hour day is stretched to its limits to include all she must do in her new post as advisor on women's training to the Ministry of Labour. Half a-million trained women will be needed during the next months; and one of the first things Miss Haslett aims at for these new recruits to war work is equality of pay where there is equality of output in quantity and excellence

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

resemble a rose-leaf beside a flame. It is a charming story, all the same. A rather lovely resurrection of all those taboos, those moral prohibitions, that conventional veneer which made the 'eighties and the 'nineties so outwardly strict, yet, at the same time, and perhaps as a consequence, made a love-affair something in the grand manner, more exciting, more romantic, and infinitely more memorable. Miss Farjeon has never written a more delicately humorous or more charmingly sentimental story. Only, I warn you, it is all a joke—a witty joke.

Thoughts from "Miss Granby's Secret"

"PASSION without romance is not worth its salt. I would rather be taught passion by my lover than by my doctor any day."

"Fast women do things for—for self-indulgence or—or defiance. Advanced women act on principle."

"The mere cancelling of a thing cannot be its opposite. Innocence? I have always feared the Garden of Eden must have become very dull, if it had lasted a little longer."

"There is a sort of bliss in pain which laughter knows not; so long as it is never, never sordid, so long as it is ever, ever noble, it is the fare the young heart loves to feed on."

Murder in the Country

THE first chapters of Mr. C. E. R. Lorac's story, *Trust for a Tragedy* (Collins; 7s. 6d.), may be likened rather to a box of red-herrings. Of course, in a mystery story, anybody can turn into a red-herring, but, as a rule, they have at least something to do with the actual plot. In this tale,

however, the first chapters are rather overcrowded with people who turn out to have nothing to do with the plot at all—or very little. And, as in a novel of this kind the reader suspects everybody so soon as they appear, it is rather disconcerting to discover that suspicion has been so widespread that the effort might as well have been wasted from the start.

However, the real story then gets going, and the main characters begin to stand out, the development is along fairly straightforward lines, and the suspense is very well sustained indeed.

But what makes this story stand out from those of its like is the fact that the author has drawn a series of memorable scenes of country life and rural character, and these are so good that almost without the murder and the mystery, the book would be well worth reading.

Another Thriller

"DEATH TAKES A FLAT" (Collins; 8s.), by Miles Burton, is along conventional lines, with not very many redeeming features, unless the conventional lines still manage to thrill you and keep you guessing right to the very end. All the characters obviously had a motive to commit the murder, but obviously they didn't do it. So, after they have all nearly been brought to trial, the guilt finally rests upon the least likely, which would, of course, be perfectly correct according to the rules, if one could be convinced that this particular individual would have committed the murder at all under the circumstances, and for so little justification.

However, for a thriller enthusiast, this may not matter at all. He will just read on and on, eager to discover what were the real reasons why a managing director of a block of flats could be found dead, obviously murdered, in one which was empty and to let.

Sometimes I believe that this enthusiasm for a thriller, as thriller, has a relationship

to the enthusiasm for cross-word puzzles as cross-word puzzles. The clue is there, but what it means and how it fits in, is enough to make the enthusiast take a pencil and work at it for hours, just to satisfy his curiosity. For such an enthusiast, *Death Takes a Flat* will easily provide all the temptation necessary. To outwink the author while you realise that he is trying to outwink you is just the motive required to take you right to the end, if only to discover if you really got there first.

Lancashire Life

ONE of the best books I have read this week is the most modest to look upon, and perhaps the easiest to digest. It is *Lancashire Lather* (Allen and Unwin; 5s.), by T. Thompson. Mr. Thompson's stories are already well known, but this new volume should permanently establish his reputation with all those folk who know their Lancashire, understand it and love it.

The great charm of these stories is that it seems almost impossible to realise, as one reads them, that one is reading about imaginary people and imaginary situations. They are so real that we seem to be actually living in their midst. And they are portrayed with an insight, a sympathy and a quiet humour which is so cleverly done that one does not realise the cleverness until one remembers all the characters and scenes in a detached manner. Moreover, besides the humour there is any amount of wisdom tucked away in each story—wisdom so homely that, in real life, lots of people have forgotten how very wise it is.

Each plot is slight, but around it is built up a Lancashire atmosphere which stands out to make it memorable. There is, for example, an amusing tale of a piano which was bought for household pride, and was never intended to be played on. Another merely of a cherry-tree being planted in a front garden; while to listen to young Winterburn telling just what he thinks of the Gestapo, in real Lancashire, is also to get a lot of angry and revolting feelings off one's own chest.

No matter if you belong to the North Country or not, these stories will amuse you. They have extraordinary vigour, and they have life; and although their heart-break will be most acute for Lancashire people who are far away from their native county, nobody, wherever he may come from, will fail to be entertained in the best manner by these lively tales. In the jolliest kind of way, they are a tonic in these anxious, dreary times.

Historical Thriller

"THE FALL OF THE AXE" (Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.), by Philip Lindsay, is a historical thriller, as, indeed, it would have to be, since the Cenci family are concerned in it. This is not at all the rosy-coloured picture of history which some historical romances portray, but a rather sordid yet exciting page of the past carefully documented to prove its accuracy. As Beatrice Cenci is his heroine, she is painted against the revolting character of her father. The plot itself is a ready-made thriller perhaps, but the author has crowded into it a series of cross-currents which admirably make up the atmosphere of medieval Rome, and affect the fate of the principals. This may not be a historical novel for people who like their past made romantic, almost fragrant; but for those who are not too squeamish over details, it will provide a thoroughly exciting story of an unpleasant page of history.



Musician in Uniform

As he was last year, Charles Hambourg has again been the pioneer of London's orchestral music on Sundays. He has already conducted the London Philharmonic Orchestra in three of a new series of Beecham Sunday Concerts at the Queen's Hall. He is a Home Guard company commander in this war; in the last he saw three years of active service as a despatch rider. Pianist Mark Hambourg is his cousin



Pianist's Pianist Daughter

Michal Hambourg, daughter of Mark Hambourg, and niece of Charles Hambourg, the conductor, shared her uncle's musical pioneering by playing at the first of the Beecham Sunday Concerts. She was the soloist in Beethoven's piano concerto No. 4, in an all-Beethoven programme, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra

Family Party

Viscountess St. Davids and Her Two Children at Their Wartime Home

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Youngest member of the St. Davids family is Rowena Frances Philipps, born in August, and christened in October. She is a year and seven months younger than her brother. Lady St. Davids was Doreen Guinness Jowett before her marriage in 1938, and is Australian

Hostess to Lady St. Davids and her children is her aunt, Mrs. I. G. Guinness, at Houndless Water, Haslemere, where Lady St. Davids herself was born during the last war. In her group below, she is on the left, and on the right is Lady St. Davids' grandfather, Mr. Hill

Heir to the twenty-two-year-old barony of St. Davids and a three-hundred-and-twenty-year old baronetcy is Colwyn Jestyn John Philipps, born on January 30th last year. He is also in the line of succession for three very old baronies—those of Strange of Knokin, Hungerford, and de Moleyns—held by his grandmother, the Dowager Viscountess St. Davids, in her own right

Viscount St. Davids succeeded on the death of his father in 1938, and in the same year married his attractive Australian wife, the former Doreen Jowett. He owns Roch Castle, in Pembrokeshire, and he and his wife had a London house before the war in Sloane Gardens. But now he is a lance-bombardier in an R.A. searchlight battalion, and his wife and two children are living with her aunt in Surrey. Lord St. Davids' peacetime passion was sailing, and he also made model sailing-boats. Lady St. Davids is a fine tennis player, and a good skater. At the moment, all her time is taken up with her two small children, but soon she hopes to take up nursing as her war work



On With the Drama

Wartime Students at the R.A.D.A.



Lunch is eaten in an underground refectory established in former dressing-rooms. Sir Kenneth Barnes, the R.A.D.A.'s Principal, shares coffee, buns, and biscuits with the students. He is kept very busy now with his work for E.N.S.A., of which he is general secretary

The Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in Gower Street is carrying on in spite of the war, and has a remarkable number of students enrolled in its winter classes. The Academy had closed down at the end of last term, but when fifty or more students wished to go on with their work, it was decided to give them the opportunity to do so. To the surprise of the Academy authorities, a large number of new students appeared for the winter term. The usual end-of-term plays have been prepared, but no public performances can be given, owing to A.R.P. regulations. The R.A.D.A. theatre is equipped as a shelter for the students, but not for an audience as well. An interesting R.A.D.A. side-line is the training of fourth- and fifth-term students in the technique of speaking before the microphone. The B.B.C. has permitted a complete broadcasting apparatus to be installed at the Academy



Lecturer Henry Cass (centre) holds his dramatic class on the stage of the little R.A.D.A. theatre. He is the actor and producer whose Old Vic work is well known



Pupil Margaret Gordon, her eyes fixed on an imaginary dress circle, declaims Shakespeare to the Principal, Sir Kenneth Barnes, in his study



Fencing is an important subject in the stage aspirant's training, giving poising and flexibility of movement, and improving the carriage and figure. The class is held on the stage



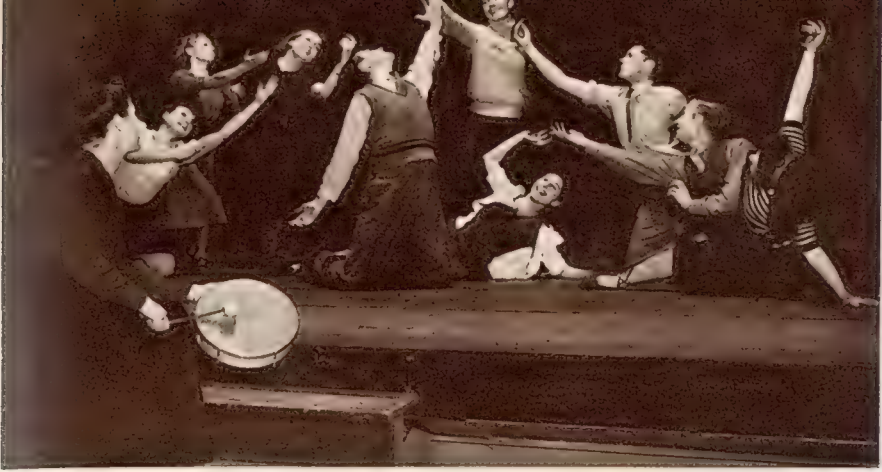
Decor for "The Tempest" has been designed by Colin Chandler and set up in the model theatre. With a compass in hand, the designer explains his set to Jean Mackenzie and Sheila Currie



Warden Jack Joel and a co-student, Yvonne Owen, are on the Academy's A.R.P. staff. The theatre in the basement is equipped as a shelter



The Registrar, Miss Dorothy Saunders, helps Mrs. Crocker, the cook, to prepare the midday meal for the students. In spite of closed theatres, enrolments for the winter term were very numerous



Mime and movement to drum-beats make Miss Alice Pisk's class feel cheerful and unrepressed. Most of these girls and young men do war work as well as stage work: the girls serve in canteens, and the men are wardens or in the A.F.S.



Drama class is taken by Neil Porter, actor, producer, and ambulance-driver attached to a Chelsea A.R.P. depot. Eight out of ten of the students want to go in for serious drama

Stage technique is expounded to an enthralled class by Miss Irene Vanbrugh. Both she and her sister teach at the R.A.D.A., giving the benefit of their infinite experience and superb artistry to the theatre's rising generation



Voice production means learning to breathe first of all; Miss Iris Warren points out the difference between chest and diaphragm to her class

Deportment and gesture lead students along a hard, often embarrassing path. But in Miss Violet Vanbrugh's class they forget self-consciousness through their absorption in her teaching and in trying to learn from her how to make a big effect with a tiny movement





Miss Monica Haggerston

Miss Monica Haggerston, elder daughter of the late Sir Edward Charlton de Marie Haggerston, Bt., and of Florence Lady Haggerston, sister of the present Baronet, Sir Hugh Haggerston, is engaged to Captain Geoffrey R. Hudson, Royal Artillery, son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. T. R. C. Hudson, of Pyle Hill, Newbury. She has planned her wedding for next Saturday (14th), from the family place at Ellingham, in Northumberland

Miss Suzanne Du Boulay

Lady Mairi Stewart

Lady Mairi Elizabeth Vane-Tempest-Stewart is the youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, and sister of Viscount Castlereagh. Her engagement is announced to Captain the Hon. Derek William Charles Keppel, 13-18th Royal Hussars (seconded R.A.F.), eldest son of Viscount Bury and grandson of the Earl and Countess of Albemarle

*The Engagement
Is Announced..*

It was announced last month that the marriage would shortly take place between Miss Suzanne Du Boulay, younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Houssemayne Du Boulay, and Lady Elles, and Captain Lord Douglas Gordon, the Black Watch (R.H.R.), youngest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel G. C. D. Gordon, D.S.O., and Mrs. Douglas Gordon, of Fullbrook House, Elstead, Surrey. He is the brother of the Marquess of Huntly, Premier Marquess of Scotland, who succeeded his great-uncle in 1939





Miss Henrietta Stapleton-Bretherton

Miss Henrietta Stapleton-Bretherton, younger daughter of the late Major F. B. Stapleton-Bretherton, and Mrs. Stapleton-Bretherton, will be married in London on December 21st to Major John P. Archer-Shee, 10th Royal Hussars, eldest son of the late Sir Martin Archer-Shee, and Lady Archer-Shee, of Ashurst Lodge, Ascot. She is Adjutant of the Women's Section of the Air Transport Auxiliary

Miss Patricia Morrison-Bell



Miss Maryoth Hay

Miss Maryoth Hay, daughter of Lord Edward Hay, of Hill Hall, Essex, and of the late Lady Edward Hay, is engaged to Major George Richard Trotter, Royal Scots Greys, second son of Colonel and Lady Edith Trotter, of Charterhall, Berwickshire, and nephew of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton. Lord Edward Hay is brother and heir-presumptive of the Marquess of Tweeddale

*Photographs by
Hay Wrightson,
Harlip, and Lenart*

An engagement recently announced is that of Miss Patricia Morrison-Bell, youngest daughter of Sir Clive and the Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell, and niece of Viscount Powerscourt, to Captain John Gwynne, Royal Artillery, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Gwynne of Deans, Piddinghoe, Sussex



The final of the Lower Boys' Football was won rather easily by Mr. H. K. Marsden's House, which beat Mr. C. Mayes' team by four points to nothing. This match was the second item on the programme arranged to celebrate St. Andrew's Day at Eton. Two air-raid warnings occurred which sent boys and guests to shelters for a short time, but otherwise, except for so many of the onlookers wearing uniform, the day was much the same as before the war.



Lord and Lady Greenwood spent St. Andrew's Day at Eton with their younger son, the Hon. Eric Greenwood. Lord Greenwood was educated in Canada. His wife was the former Dame Margery Spencer, daughter of the late Mr. Walter Spencer, of Fownhope Court, Herefordshire.



Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke were with John de Pret Roos, one of Mrs. Clarke's two sons by her former marriage to Count Jackie de Pret Roos. Major Carlos Clarke is in the Royal Artillery.

Left: Mr. A. Stanley, Mrs. Thomas Clyde, Miss Constance Stanley and the Hon. Julian Fane, younger son of the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, were strolling round in the wintry sunshine.

St. Andrew's Day at Eton

Below: Marshal of the Air Force Sir John Salmond and his son, Julian, watched several of the events. Sir John Salmond married as his second wife Lord Desborough's elder daughter, the Hon. Monica Grenfell, in 1924.





The chief feature of St. Andrew's Day was the 100th Wall Game between Collegers and Oppidans. A crowd watched the hard-fought contest, which ended in a draw

St. Andrew's Day was celebrated at Eton for the second time since the outbreak of war with the main features as little changed as possible. There were two Alerts and Absence was called by a master wearing A.R.P. overalls instead of cap and gown, which was something of a novelty. The luncheon-parties were much curtailed, but the Provost, Lord Hugh Cecil, the Vice-Provost, Mr. C. H. K. Marten, and the Headmaster, Mr. Claude Elliott, had many visitors in the Cloisters. Family groups were seen watching the Lower Boys' House Football Cup, the 100th meeting of the Collegers and Oppidans in the Wall Game, and the Field Game

Below: Miss Ann Paine walked round with the Hon. Anthony Corbett, an old Etonian, and his younger brother, the Hon. John Corbett. They are two of Lord and Lady Rowallan's five sons, the youngest of whom was born last week



Miss Rosalind Cubitt and Miss Vivien Mosley, who both came out in 1939, stood together while Absence was being taken by Masters wearing A.R.P. overalls



Nicholas Mosley, Sir Oswald Mosley's eldest son, and brother of Vivien Mosley, was with his aunt, Lady Ravensdale, whose sister was the late Lady Cynthia Mosley



The Hon. Mrs. W. J. Baird was with Julian Jenkinson, her son by her former marriage to Captain R. C. H. Jenkinson, whom she divorced in 1936. She is the third sister of Viscount Harcourt

Right: Wing Commander Sir Louis Greig, personal Air Secretary to Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air, and Lady Greig were at Eton with their only son, Carron. Lady Greig is the daughter of Mr. J. Walter Scrimgeour, of Hemsley Hall, Norfolk



Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Best Propaganda

"THE British authorities have set themselves higher standards of truth than the Germans."

This has not been at all difficult. It would indeed be hard for any Ministry of Information to compete with the German Herr Doktor, or the Italian journalist. In war, some things always have to be kept under your hat, even from your best friend, lest they give direction to the enemy; but the best propaganda is the unvarnished truth. Concealment of losses has never been any part of our method. Concealment of strengths and dispositions obviously must be a fundamental. In view of the fact that everyone, civilian and soldier alike, is in the firing line of a very bitter fight, the casualties are surprisingly light, taking into consideration the weight and intensity of the attack. In many an isolated operation during the 1914-18 conflict, the casualties were considerably heavier.

A Stout Ship

DESTROYERS are no more designed to take the punch of a heavy shell than the frigates of other days were to take on a ship of the line. It is therefore astounding that H.M.S. Javelin declined to go to the bottom when hit by a torpedo, and still more so that she should have got safely back to port; fine testimony to (a) the stoutness of her construction, and (b) to the seamanship of the officer commanding

her and the officer directing the whole operation, who was aboard her. That the German 'planes did not mop up the badly-winged bird as she struggled back, is due to the magnificent intervention of the R.A.F., who, in the process of sheering off the air attack, got three of their heaviest. The outstanding features are nevertheless that this small ship took it on the chin and declined to go down, and the seamanship which helped her to keep afloat.

True to Form

THE fine capacity for organisation and drill which displayed itself in the Royal Navy polo team of 1936, in that memorable Inter-Regimental at Hurlingham, is being faithfully reproduced in this naval war. This Javelin affair makes the second occasion upon which Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten has brought a badly damaged fighting-ship home. His polo team gives the model for these successes. That 1936 R.N. side was robbed of final victory by an accident. Lieutenant-Commander E. G. Heywood-Lonsdale played on in the last two chukkers with a broken leg. The Navy had it absolutely in the bag when the accident happened, but they fought on, three sound legs and a swinger though they were. It was just as magnificent in its way as the Javelin episode, and more or less on all fours with it, as I venture to suggest. The names of the R.N. polo team, in order of playing were: (the then) Lieut-



The Old Berkeley Beagles

Mr. James Matheson and Mr. F. Robinson are joint-Masters of the Old Berkeley Beagles, the former since 1938, the latter since 1936. They were photographed at a recent meet at Widdenton Park, near West Wycombe, whence a hare gave an 80-minutes' run before being run to earth.

Commander E. G. Heywood-Lonsdale, R.N., Commander (now Captain) C. E. Lambe, R.N., Commander (now Captain) Lord Louis Mountbatten, R.N., and Major (now Colonel) R. A. R. Neville, R.M.

A "Premier" Black-Out

WITH things growing blacker and blacker as this winter advances, I wonder whether a very Distinguished Personage remembers a black-out the blame for which was laid to his door. It was in the days when he was a subaltern in a cavalry regiment, which was more than usually in front of its bridle, and had come under the lash of one of London's most eminent journalists, who, incidentally, hated all soldiers, especially cavalry ones. The circumstances of the black-out were these: the General Commanding the Division in which was this regiment was badly stage-struck. He was a very fine figure of a man, and had a most attractive wife, who was also stage mad. This cavalry regiment, and also some others, did not think that this was quite seemly. So at the première of a charming little love-comedy, in which the General had cast himself for the hero and his wife for the lady, that wicked subaltern thought he would give them a jolt. The hero, in boater, gent's. straw, one, had to make his first entrance into a sunlit garden, where the heroine was coyly nestling under parasol, pink, young lady's, one. He had to make some fatuous remark about the lovely sunlight and the flowers and how they were a bad second to his lady-love (supposed to be unheard by the heroine). The wicked subaltern had got hold of the ape in charge of the lights (the club baboo, as a matter of fact), and told him that the moment he saw the General come on he was to switch off all the lights. There was quite a to-do about it; but it was a darned good black-out. Many happy returns of those joyous days.



The V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) at Bibury

Earl Bathurst was out on foot at the opening meet of the V.W.H. at Bibury and talked to Mr. Arthur Severn, who owns the trout hatchery which the hounds first drew. Lord Bathurst has been Master or joint-Master since 1892. Last season he was joined by Sir Thomas Meyrick



The West Surrey Beagles

Mrs. S. Pakenham was talking to Mr. C. B. Bigg, the huntsman, at the West Surrey and Horsell Beagles' meet at Brooke, near Albury, where they were hunting over new ground. Mr. Bigg has taken charge of the pack while the Master, Captain C. M. H. Pearce, is away



An Essex Shoot: Guns and Bag

Mr. C. Stewart Richardson has been shooting this season over Terling, Lord Rayleigh's place near Chelmsford. This excellent afternoon's bag was shot by six guns: Dr. Gimson, Captain A. E. Bryce, the well-known coursing judge, Mr. Stewart Richardson, host, and chairman of the Essex County Cricket Club, Mr. F. G. Bright, Mr. Frank Goodey, who farms in the neighbourhood, and Mr. L. J. Cullen, who is known as one of the best shots in Essex

"Zakhmi pe Ghumke" ("Wounded and Sorrowful")

A TRUSTED friend of other days has written me, vis-à-vis that marching tune, the "Zakhmi Dil"—I spelt it wrongly, I know—and says that he thinks I must mean that Pathan lament, "Zakhmi pe Ghumke" ("Wounded and Sorrowful"); but I am still tied to my original fox, because I have heard the "Zakhmi Dil" so often. My erudite correspondent goes on to write—

Talking of the pipes—not a Highland monopoly or invention, as is popularly supposed—I wonder if you ever saw or heard of a mounted pipe band? [I haven't, until now—at least, I don't think so.—"S."] Anyway, the 17th Bengal Lancers had one, and I have seen and heard it in Pindi back about 1902.

He thinks I have misread Kipling about cavalry bands. I may have, but his dissertation upon the "Keel-Row" certainly would lead some people to think that he was under the impression that he believed that the band went by at the head of the regiment when it trotted past the saluting base. Kipling did not know much about the cavalry soldier (witness Captain Bygadsby!) however much he may have gleaned from Mulvaney, Learoyd and Ortheris about the infantry of those times when he haunted the cantonments in Lahore, and collected all that marvellous material for *Soldiers Three* and *Barrack-Room Ballads*. "Kipper," in those old *Civil and Military Gazette* days, was an absolute sponge for absorbing information. Kim is a leading example of this amazing capacity. From the old gun upwards, he collected all that when Lockwood, his father, was Curator of the Lahore Museum.

Lahore as it is in the hot weather gave him the inspiration for *The City of Dreadful Night*—not that the northern capital of India has any monopoly in dreadfulness when "The Solar Myth" is in full blast,

but night work on a newspaper added a particular spice of hell to what was already quite sufficiently hellish. I have had personal experience of it—in Calcutta—sweating blood all night and going home with

the crows in the damp and distracting dawn. The Lahore Cantonments used to be called Mean Mir—by any name, however, in the times of which I speak, they were bloodsome—even the officers' messes.



A Cricketer and His Bride

Hugh Tryon Bartlett, the Sussex and Cambridge and Dulwich cricketer, son of L. H. Bartlett, of Nagpur, India, and Betty Mabel Hughes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Hughes, of 11, Princes Court, W.2, were married at St. John's, Hyde Park Crescent. Best man was another Sussex and Cambridge cricketer, Captain I. C. Griffith



Film Star in Uniform

Richard Greene, the Hollywood film star, came back to England to join the Army, and is now a private in the Royal Armoured Corps. Bicycling is his off-duty recreation

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Taking the Strain

"FEW of us," Mr. J. D. North, the designer of that excellent fighting aeroplane, the Boulton Paul "Defiant," remarked recently, "live in Faraday cages to avoid electrocution by lightning." Few of us now, one might add, live in shelters to avoid disintegration by bomb.

Luck, which Anatole France said was another name for God, is recognised as the chief arbiter of explosive effect, and the aim of most people is to go about their business as uninterruptedly as possible, and to dive for cover as infrequently as possible. It is the right kind of air defence. The German bomber is defeated not only by counter-bombing, nor by those "new devices" of which Air Ministry spokesmen are so fond of talking, but also by diminishing returns in disorganisation.

And here we come to the crux. What are "essential" activities in time of war? What businesses and professions should seek to continue at all costs outside the obvious ones concerned with food and armaments? Much depends on the answer to that question. For no civilian whose work is inessential should be called upon to face bombing, whereas every civilian whose work is essential should.

My own reading of the situation is clear. It is that every normal civilian activity is essential until it is ordered otherwise by those responsible for our war effort. If, for instance, there is a man living at Ealing whose work it has been for some years to travel daily to the East End of London, there to paint spots on rocking-horses, it is, in my view, the duty of that man to continue to do that journey and to paint those spots until he is ordered to do otherwise.

Useful Work

I WILL go farther and say that every time he goes up at the usual time, does his work in the usual way, returns and goes to bed in the usual place, he is making a genuine, practical contribution towards beating the German bombers.

This is true also of some of the "luxury" trades. Thoughtless people are apt to imagine that unless a job is thoroughly dirty and unpleasant, it is of no value to the country. That is incorrect.

Every job that used to be done and that is still done is of value, even if it consists of filing the toenails of Pekingese dogs. The more we hold to normality in spite of the bombs, the more we do to defeat the bombs. There is no distinction between essential and inessential tasks except such as is laid down by Government edict.

And the duty of the air defences, guns, aircraft and other, is so to control the extent of the German bombing both by



American Air Attaché Bassano

Brig.-General Martin Scanlon has recently been appointed to the newly created post of U.S.A. Air Attaché in London. He obtained his wings in this country twenty-two years ago, and is still an active pilot. He has travelled widely in the China Seas and in most parts of Europe. Mrs. Scanlon is in London with her husband; they were married during his appointment in Rome



Fighter Squadron 615—Churchill's Own

Squadron 615 (County of Surrey) is an auxiliary Squadron with an interesting history. It was formed in June 1937 as an Army co-operation Squadron, converted into a fighter squadron in 1938, and in 1939 Mr. Winston Churchill was made Honorary Air Commodore. This unit served in France as the first auxiliary fighter squadron to go overseas and later went to Belgium. This group of pilots with their Squadron Leader (on extreme right) are now serving with Squadron 615, which has brought down nearly 100 enemy machines, and has received many honours, including one D.S.O. and six D.F.C.s

night and by day that a determined people can go about these ordinary, everyday tasks in an ordinary, everyday way. By day that stage has been reached. I hope it will soon be reached also by night.

Many Inventions

I HAVE now had more than 120 letters making suggestions for defeating the night-bomber and a large proportion of them were from practical people with practical ideas—or at any rate, with ideas which seem practical at first glance. As, in common with everyone in these islands, I am intensely keen that no method likely to prove successful is neglected, I went through all of these proposals with care.

As a result I am satisfied that no method has been put to me which is more likely to do the job than the methods which are under investigation by the Air Ministry. Some of those methods have been under investigation for a long time and so we may reasonably hope that they will bear fruit fairly soon.

Sight or Sound?

MEANWHILE it is worth noting that there are two things above all others which those who invent methods for defeating the night-bomber fail to recognise; the first is the immensity of the space to be searched and the second is the low speed of sound relative to modern aircraft.

Modern aeroplanes sometimes travel at almost half the speed of sound and even heavy bombers go at a third the speed of sound. Consequently sound is not able to give immediate enough information about the movements of distant aircraft. In fact, I would say that sound will gradually be used less for detection purposes. It will probably always be used to some extent, but we shall not be able to rely upon it as we did in 1914-18. Other, quicker methods must be employed.

Most of the proposals for lighting up the sky so that enemy aircraft can be seen by our fighters, depend upon lack of understanding of the size of the space to be lit up. When raiders can approach at anything between about 6000 ft. and 30,000 ft. and can come from any point on a 1000-miles coastline, on any of an infinite number of courses, at any of an infinite number of instants, the futility of searching for them with even the biggest batteries of the longest burning flares is apparent.

Big Bang Busted

NOT being a gunner, I had always imagined that those tremendous bangs which punctuate the main anti-aircraft barrage at fairly long intervals were enormous guns. A knowledgeable friend asserts that they are nothing of the kind—only the same gun going off at a different angle. The sound-effects of a gun or a battery, he says, are mainly a matter of the relationship between the listener and the gun position.

I do not like to believe him, for those tremendous woofs were more comforting when I believed them to emanate from a gun of unprecedented size.

With the Fleet Air Arm — No. 16



Consternation on the Quarterdeck: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

This terrible scene represents the enactment of a grave naval offence. A midshipman and a Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R. (A), both of the Auxiliary Fleet Air Arm, stroll blissfully along the starboard side of the quarterdeck on the ship to which they are attached. Horrified onlookers to this breach of time-honoured etiquette are the ship's officers. Principal in the drama is the ship's Captain, who, emerging from a companionway, is stunned by the sight of two junior officers parading his preserves. It is an unwritten naval law that at sea the port side of the quarterdeck is for the officers, while the starboard side is reserved for the sole use of the "Owner"

Dancing at Oxford



Miss Lavinia Ponsonby and Miss Letitia Carpenter sat out with Mr. R. H. M. Boyle, Mr. John Pugh, Mr. Ashley Ponsonby and Mr. Geoffrey Bourne-May

Oxford is rapidly becoming the hub of the social universe in wartime. A successful dance organised by that great charity worker, Miss Wills-Sandford, was held at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford, in aid of the R.A.F. Huts Fund. About 300 people attended the dance and the R.A.F. Dance Band provided the music

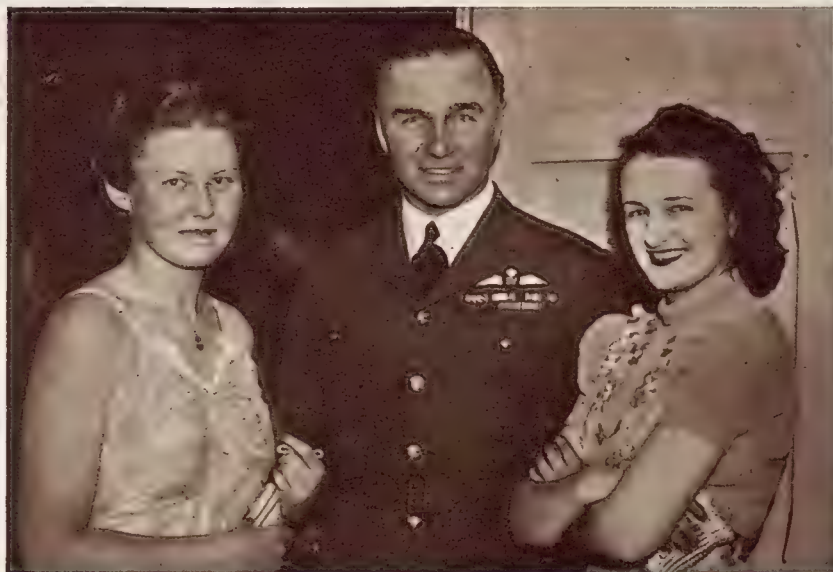


Lord John Manners, brother of the Duke of Rutland, who succeeded his father in April, had a spot of bother with a champagne cork

Photographs by Johnson, Oxford



Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and her cousin, Miss Mary Churchill, youngest daughter of the Prime Minister, were snapped with Sec.-Lieut. J. P. Park



Miss Luca Mosselmans, Group Captain F. J. Vincent and Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy were others who supported the dance at the Randolph Hotel, which was a tremendous success, and to which many large parties were brought. Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy's elder sister is Lady Jane Nelson, whose baby daughter, Juliet Auriol, was christened last week



Sitting-out between dances were Miss Anne Lloyd Thomas and Mr. Anthony Jell. Miss Lloyd Thomas is a daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, a former British Minister in Paris



Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's second daughter, was photographed with Mr. J. P. E. Mase while a group of friends at the back indulged in some amiable barracking. The Marlboroughs' beautiful home, Blenheim Palace, is within easy reach of Oxford



Christmas Gifts



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Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"

Review of Weddings



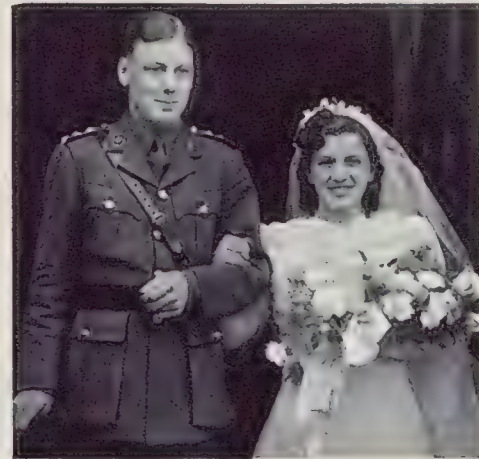
King—Moss

Lieut. (A.) Philip Francis King, R.N., and Edvina Mary ("Binky") Moss were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She is the daughter of the late Sir Edward Moss, of Middleton, Midlothian, and Lady Moss, of 20, Grosvenor Square. She is a F.A.N.Y. ambulance driver.



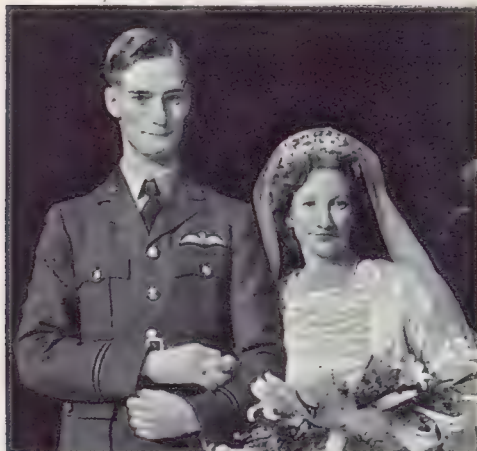
Crabtree—Barrington-Ward

Sec.-Lt. William Crabtree, R.A., son of W. R. Crabtree, of Horninghold Hall, Market Harborough, Leicestershire, and Sylvia Mary Barrington-Ward, daughter of the late Frederick Barrington-Ward, K.C., and Mrs. Barrington-Ward, of 22, Rosary Gardens, S.W.10, were married at All Souls', Langham Place.



Holmwood—Whitten

Captain Patrick Denis Holmwood, Royal Sussex Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Somers Holmwood, of Kings Park House, Plaistow, Sussex, and Sarah Elizabeth Whitten, of Norfolk Square, Brighton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Whitten, of Co. Leitrim, Ireland, were married at Hove.



Clementi—Pelham

Flying Officer Cresswell Montagu Clementi, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Sir Cecil and Lady Clementi, of Holmer Court, Holmer Green, Bucks., and Susan Pelham, youngest daughter of Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Pelham, of Currant Hill, Westerham, Kent, and cousin of Lord Avebury, were married at St. Peter's, Limpsfield.



Bunbury—Sutton

Sec.-Lieut. John William Napier Bunbury, 60th Rifles, son of Sir Charles Bunbury, Bt., and Lady Bunbury, of Naunton Hall, Rendlesham, Suffolk, and Margaret Pamela Sutton, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Sutton, of Westcott Manor, Swindon, were married at St. Mary the Virgin, Buckland, Berks.



Lyne-Pirkis—Austin

Sec.-Lieut. Richard Hugh Godfrey Lyne-Pirkis, R.A., only son of the late Mr. Lyne-Pirkis, and Mrs. Lyne-Pirkis, of Blackheath, and Ellinor Bessie Mauren Austin, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel F. C. K. Austin, R.A.S.C., of Nowshera, India, and Mrs. Austin, of Litton Cheney, were married at Litton Cheney.



Murless—Carlow

Charles Francis Noel Murless, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Murless, of Overton, Flintshire, and Gwendoline Mary Lindsay Carlow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Lindsay Carlow, of Adamton, Monkton, Ayrshire, were married at St. Cuthbert's, Monkton.



Hepburn—Haselden

Sec.-Lt. Jeffery Adam Hepburn, Royal Tank Regt., son of Major and Mrs. W. Clay Hepburn, of 2, Kensington Park Gardens, W.11, was married at St. John's, Ladbroke Grove, to Joy Haselden, daughter of the late Capt. C. G. Haselden, and Mrs. Andrews, of Eusemore, Comber, Co. Down, and stepdaughter of the Lord Chief Justice of Northern Ireland.



Sadleir—McTavish

The Rev. Ralph Edward Sadleir, incumbent of Chelsea Old Church, elder son of the Rev. R. G. and Mrs. Sadleir, of Mount Dallas, Polsham Park, Paignton, Devon, and Pamela Sybil (Susan) McTavish, only child of Captain and Mrs. H. McTavish, of 1, Phene Street, S.W.3, were married at Chelsea Old Church.



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TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI



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Friends... in*

VAT 69

Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

'Quality Tells'

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

A NAVAL officer with a brilliant war record had just arrived home on leave. After hearing about the air raids in the neighbourhood, he decided to send his wife and two small children to the country.

The taxi was ordered and he was struggling with the luggage at the front door, when he noticed three small boys watching him intently.

He thought they might be interested in his uniform and medal ribbons, but got a rude awakening when one of the boys exclaimed: "So you can't take it, eh?"

MACINTOSH was having an argument over the fare he owed a taxi-driver. The man with the meter talked loud and harshly, and it angered the Highlander.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded, proudly drawing himself to his full height. "I'm a MacIntosh."

The taxi-driver snorted.

"I don't care if you're a brand-new umbrella," he said, "I'll have my rights."

A VERY irate figure dashed into the editor's room.

"Are you by any chance the editor of this rotten paper?" he demanded.

"Er—yes, but—" began the editor.

"Well, my name is Bertram C. Benbow. Yesterday, your paper called me a liar and a blackleg."

"We certainly did," agreed the editor, "and I—"

"I've come here to tell you that my middle initial is C. and not D. as you printed it. If you can't spell my name correctly, kindly leave it alone!"

HE was a dear little boy, and the elderly lady watched him admiringly.

"I'd give a thousand pounds to have a little boy like you all for my own," she said.

"That's an awful lot of money, isn't it?" said the child, in awestruck tones.

"Yes, it is, but you see I have lots of money, but no little boys."

The small boy thought for a moment.

"Well," he said, at last, "mummy wouldn't let you have me for keeps," and then added after a pause, "but you can hold my hand for sixpence."

HERE is a story typical of American wit.

The story has to do with a record hot day in Manhattan. The heat was so terrific that the hens were laying hard-boiled eggs, and people in Canada were fleeing to the North Pole to escape the New York heat.

It was on this particular day that a screwball sauntered up Fifth Avenue, wearing leather boots, a fur coat, a muffler, heavy gloves, ear muffs, and a coonskin hat.

People stopped to stare at the unique character. And, at 47th Street, an astonished cop cornered the nut.

"I suppose it's none of my business, buddy," gasped the cop, as the perspiration rolled down his face. "But this happens to be the hottest day of the year . . . and you're dressed up in a fur coat, boots, muffler, and what not. How come?"

The screwball smiled tolerantly.

"I'm not as crazy as you think," he confided. "I balance the whole thing by not wearing any shorts!"

A NEW version of the Trafalgar signal as a Government official of to-day would write it.

"England anticipates that, as regards the current emergency, personnel will face up to the issues and exercise appropriately the functions allocated to their respective occupation-groups."

THE sergeant had twenty recruits lined up for fatigue duty. They were not as energetic as the sergeant thought they should be; so he tried to cure them.

"I've got a nice easy job for the laziest man present. Will the laziest man raise his right hand?"

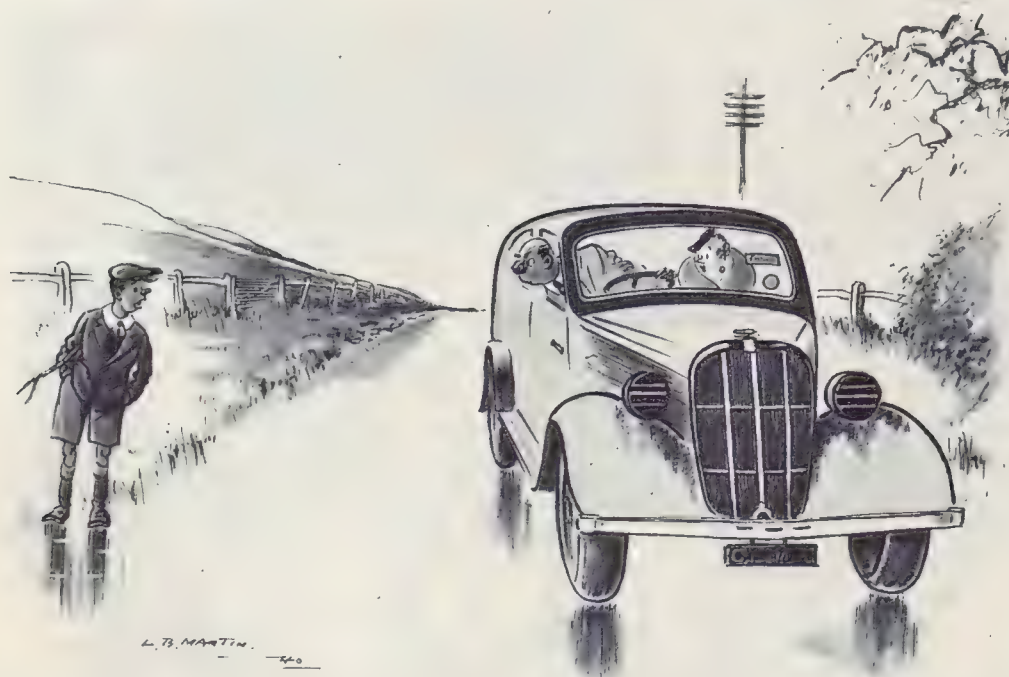
Nineteen men raised their right hands.

"Why don't you raise your hand with the rest?" inquired the sergeant of the remaining one.

"Too much trouble," was the reply.



"What a day! First a bomb goes off—then cook goes off—and now the milk's gone off!"



"D'you know the way to Bath, boy?"

"Well, I ought to—I have one every Friday night."

MAC was in a pub. when the sirens went and all the customers dashed into the shelter outside, leaving their drinks unfinished.

He walked calmly round the bar, finishing them off.

Just as Mac was tossing down the fifteenth or so a bomb exploded near by and the blast threw him flat on his back.

"Oh, boy!" he cried. "That last drink certainly had a kick in it!"

WHEN the prisoner in the dock was asked if he had anything to say before sentence was passed on him, he replied:

"I'm sorry I took the money, my lord; but you know the old saying that the more a man has the more he wants."

The judge nodded understandingly.

"Well," he said, "you are getting twelve months. How much more do you want?"

NOT being fit for military service, a little man tried for a job as a striker in a blacksmith's shop. After looking him over; the smith picked up the biggest hammer and threw it out of the window, saying:

"If you can do that you can start work."

The little man picked up the anvil and threw it after the hammer, saying: "O.K., guv'nor; are we working outside?"



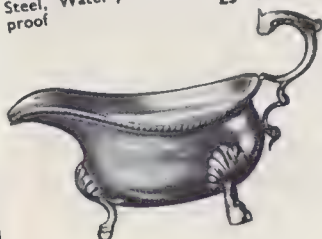
Even in a distressed world there is time to spare a thought for the gift of worth and beauty.

In the showrooms of The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths will be found a wide selection of worthy gifts and most of the stock having been purchased early is free of purchase tax.

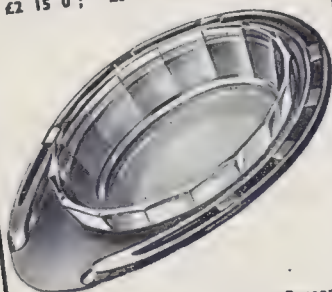
For those who cannot call at the showrooms a special list has been prepared and will be sent, post free, on application.



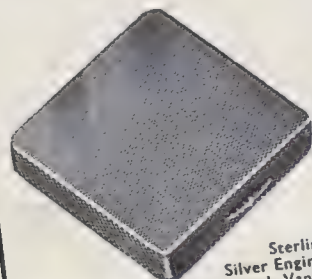
Gentleman's Wrist Watch. Stainless Steel, Water-proof, Dust- and Sand-proof. £5 10 0



Sterling Silver Sauce Boat, with Cadron Mount. Three sizes: £2 15 0; £3 15 0; £5 15 0.



Sterling Silver Horse-shoe Butter Dish with clear glass lining £1 16 6



Sterling Silver Engine-turned Vanity Case with 9-carat Gold Thumbpiece. 2½ x 2½ inches £3 5 0. 2½ x 2½ inches £3 13 6.



Sterling Silver Condiment Set, with Blue glass lining £3 3 0



Sterling Silver Cigarette Box, lined Cedar. Size 4½ x 3½ x 1½ ins. £3 10 0



Regent Plate Flask. Concave, to hold 4½ ozs. £1 16 6

A welcome CHRISTMAS PRESENT at a welcome price



The present price of this pretty house shoe is far below what it will cost when we have to replace it. It is a charming and welcome Christmas Present at a most moderate price. Persian leather of pillar-box red, wine, rose, saxe, green, brown, black; lined with fine felt. Please give a second choice of colour. 9/11

Jenners Christmas Catalogue is smaller than usual this year, but there are more pages. It is as full as ever of presents for everyone at every sort of price, including pages of presents at fixed prices of 5/-, 7/6, 10/6, and a guinea. Do your Christmas shopping in comfort by the fireside; a postcard will bring you this book free.

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JENNERS
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH
LIMITED

Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

THESE are worse places than a railway station, even if nowadays a good many hours, cumulatively speaking, are spent pacing up and down them, and some of them "don't 'ave much work for a window cleaner," as a Tommy beside me remarked, looking at the dome of one this morning. Failing a hedge or a hill to sit under or on, or seaside links on a crisp September morning, I can be quite happy at a big terminus, for there is always the chance of running into a golfer.

But actual clubs seem incongruous at a London station which bears the scars of war. The owners do not generally carry them these days; they languish on a porter's barrow, or some pile of baggage taking its tortuous way unaccompanied. Charity tries to enforce the thought that they will solace the few spare hours of some sailor, soldier or airman, their women counterparts or some essential war-worker, but suspicion will whisper that there are still a few folk who put pleasure before patriotism. Let us hope suspicion is wrong—for certainly amongst the golfers of immediate acquaintance every man jack and woman jill of them are pulling their weight for all they are worth.

DRIVING something or other is still the most popular form of work. Miss Kathleen Garnham, who started the war with ambulances in Hammersmith, and had a long and horrible interlude with typhoid, is now fit again, and driving outside the northern suburbs, whence the family, which, of course, includes the President of the Veteran L.G.A., have temporarily moved from Whitehall Court.

Her vehicle is a Y.M.C.A. mobile tea car, which takes good cheer to the crews of

lonely searchlights and other defenders. Some of them are to be found at the end of lanes and fields singularly ill-adapted for the purpose, as the cynic said of his putter, and completely isolated, so that the arrival of the car is a matter for not a little rejoicing.

There may be some exciting times when the mud and the dark grow deeper; with all due respect to Middlesex, we golfers hold the soil of that revered county in greater respect for its bomb-deadening qualities than as a medium either for golf or cross-country driving in winter time.

WHAT a shame it is to rake up that old Surrey-Middlesex question; it is only done because it is fun to remember such things—anything—connected with golf. But as for squabbling, or being jealous, perish the thought.

I might even unfold a tale of two ex-officials of those rival counties, working in the same Government office, toasting each other's counties in the welcome cup of tea—and then wondering what higher officials would say to them, only it might suggest a frivolous atmosphere. And believe me, it is anything but that.

LADY ALNESS and Mrs. Garon are two more drivers of ambulances, Bourne-mouth being their temporary home.

And when we look further north there is news of Mrs. Bason, holder of BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes. She told of a day's driving which meant getting up at 7 a.m. one day, landing home again at 6.45 a.m. the next morning, and after two hours in bed, going back to duty again. That was in process of moving two hundred and sixty-five patients who had arrived at midnight from London. The toils and tribulations of seven rounds of Foursomes will, of course, be merest child's play in comparison.



Bassano

A Golfer and Her Son

Mrs. Noel Sabine, who is holding her small son John in her arms, is the wife of Mr. Noel Sabine, of the Colonial Office, London. Before her marriage she was Diana Plumpton, runner-up of the British Ladies' Golf Championship in 1933

Then, still looking round up north, there is an English championship bronze medallist, Miss Judith Fowler, also driving an ambulance, a shift leader. The term, may it be explained, has no connection with the pace at which she very rightly drove to her post when enemy aircraft were overhead.

Mrs. V. H. Richardson, her partner in many Foursomes, has freed a man by taking over the care of her own food-producing garden.

THAT is the line of country, too, of Miss Biddy Soper, Cornwall's county hon. sec., only on a larger scale. Tucked away in the lanes between St. Enodoc of happy memories and Trebetherick there used to grow acres of fragrant lovely outdoor flowers, produced for markets as far away as Scotland. Now those acres have been converted to vegetables, and amongst them Miss Soper works daily.

Jumping suddenly from Cornwall to Kenya, there is news of Miss Audrey Scott, from Stoke Poges. Her mother, sending a Golfers' Spitfire cheque, tells that her daughter is on her way there with the Mechanised Transport Corps.

Miss Marjorie Juta, the South African golfer, who has competed over here before now, is already out there with another unit of the same splendid corps.

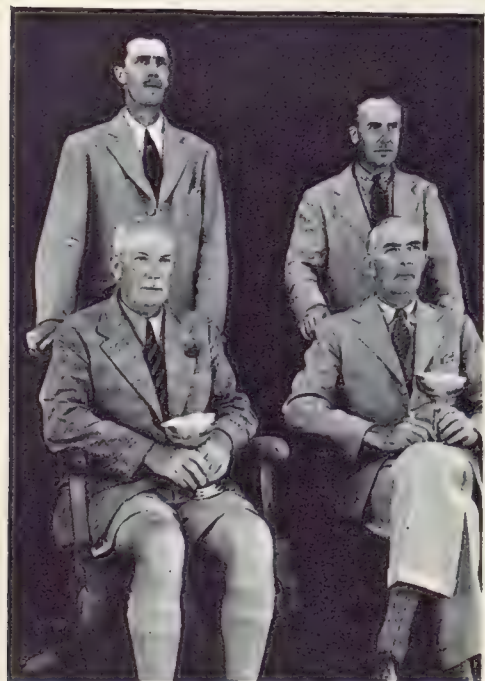
The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER"
GOLF COUPON DECEMBER

Name { Mrs.
Miss

Address



Hridainath

School Handicap Foursomes

Col. J. L. R. Weir and Col. Rees Williams (20), Old Boys of Wellington, beat Major McLaren and Major Mallinson (14) (standing), of Fettes, by 3 and 2 in the School Foursomes at Gulmarg, India



Indian Army Golf

Colonel Kennedy (left), with the cup he won when he beat Colonel Churchill by 3 and 2 in the final of the Indian Army Cup Golf Competition, played on the lovely course at Gulmarg, in Kashmir



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Note the obedient adjustability ... study the small illustrations. Only needs a 25-watt bulb ... the concentration sees to that. Prices from 57/6 (U.K. only). Patented at home and abroad. Although the manufacture of Terry's Anglepoise Lamps for domestic use is severely restricted owing to our war work, there are still stocks in the hands of electrical stores. Ask to see one today.

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TO TERRY'S
ANGLEPOISE LAMPS**

At a recent fierce fire which destroyed our works completely, one of your Anglepoise Lamps was in a burnt out office. The lamp was the only article fit for further use. Apart from some of the black enamel that had been burnt off, and the lampshade which had been absolutely destroyed, the rest of the stand was in perfect condition. This, I think, is a very good testimony of the quality of your products. Will you please let me have another lamp shade which I should like at my temporary office."

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Anglepoise
LAMP**

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE



Tweeds from Northern Mills

Charles Creed, British by birth and adoption, has come to London and is designing exclusively for Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly. He has selected the pick of the tweeds from the northern mills. He has created the checked Cumberland tweed coat and skirt above with its finger-tip jacket, full above the waist, and original pockets. The scheme is completed with a cashmere jersey pullover, felt hat, hogskin gloves and polished pigskin bag.

Ocelot and Dyed Squirrel



Fur lined Hoods for Winter

Hooded coats are among winter's favourites, as not only are they warm, but they are exceedingly becoming to the younger as well as to the older woman. When lined with fur, their fascination is increased tenfold. It is at Bradley's, Chepstow Place, that the admirably tailored coat on the left above may be seen. Tweed has been chosen for its fashioning, lined with dyed squirrel flank to tone, a fur that wears extremely well.

Swing Backs and Raglan Sleeves

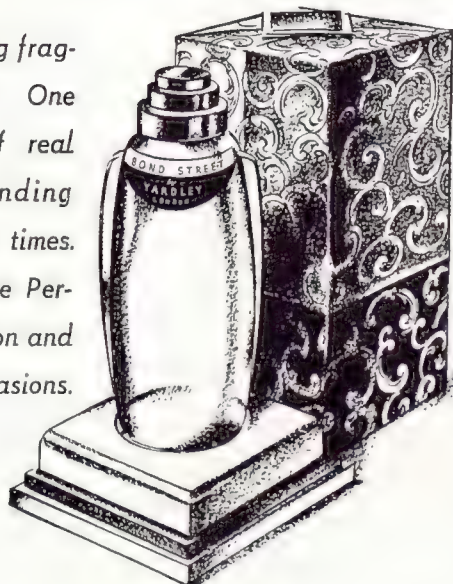
There is a wonderful air of distinction about the coat on the left; it also comes from the House of Bradley. It is carried out in nutmeg brown hopsac lined with squirrel flank and trimmed with ocelot. It may be worn with a detachable hood, or a hat as portrayed. Here are to be seen fur-lined wrap coats with swing backs and Raglan sleeves, into which many new notes are introduced. They are well worth a visit to view.



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*she leaves a whispered note
of beauty as she passes*

A gracious and entrancing fragrance of supreme quality. One of the few Perfumes of real distinction and outstanding beauty created in recent times. It is the most Fashionable Perfume of this London Season and is worn on all notable occasions.



60/- · 21/- · 12/6 · 7/6 · 4/6

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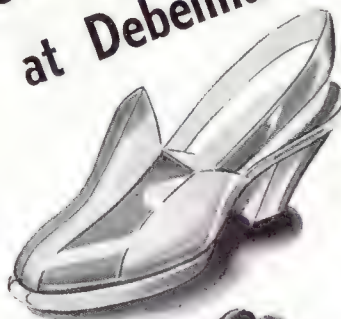
Gift Shopping— at Debenhams



1.

1. Attractive chiffon square, with self satin stripes. Size 36 in. In rust, brown, beige, green, parma, moss, dahlia, jade, lupin, saxe, royal, navy, wine, rose, cherry and scarlet.
Each **14/6**

2.



2. Attractive two-toned leather Mule. In pink/blue.
Sizes 4 to 8. **29/6**

3.



3. Dark beaver dyed lamb, with large gauntlet and brown cape palm, lined fleece. **24/9**
Also gauntlet Gloves, with white lamb's wool backs and dark brown cape palms, lined fleece. **17/9**

4.



4. Crocodile Utility Bag, fitted divided inner frame, slit pockets and mirror, lined moiré. In black and cedar brown. Size 11 x 6½ in. Two inch base gusset. **7 gns.**

5.



5. Morocco Utility Bag, lined with art moiré silk. Length of base 14 in. **27/6**

6.

Dorothy Gray's Coffret, containing bath essence, soap and bath salts In verberna, lavender or jasmine perfume. **15/-**



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Way of the War

(Continued from page 417)

British eyes have been fixed on Europe and American attention concentrated on the Presidential election, Japan has been extending her grip, with the connivance of the Vichy authorities, until she will soon be established with imposing sea and air bases within striking distance of Singapore. So far America has hardly started to apply the pressure on Japan which is within her power. It will soon be seen as vital that Britain and the United States should act with much greater energy in that area.

The President's Cruise

MR. ROOSEVELT always reacts well to a sea voyage and there is every reason to think that he will come back from his present trip full of vigour, ready to breathe fresh energy into American war policy. There has been much speculation as to whether he would pay a visit to the Duke of Windsor, Governor of the Bahamas, in the course of his cruise.

In London it was pointed out that this would be somewhat unusual, but the possibility was not excluded. The duke, I understand, has given various indications of late that he would like to establish closer touch with prominent Americans—a wish which has doubtless been endorsed by the duchess. It appears that the duke is beginning to chafe for a more active life than he is able to pursue in his present appointment.

This post was, however, chosen for the duke and duchess only after careful consideration in London, and one does not gather that any early transfer is considered feasible. Sir Walter Monckton, who managed many of the duke's

affairs prior to the war and is now a high official in the Ministry of Information, left unexpectedly last week on a three weeks' holiday. If he should have decided to spend this in the West Indies he will naturally see the Duke of Windsor, and be able to tell him at first hand the latest news and views of Buckingham Palace.

M. Laval's German Visit

RUMOUR was busy last week with the real purport of M. Laval's projected visit to Germany, which had just been announced. American diplomatic posts in Europe—now the most reliable general guide to what is happening on the Continent—suggested that Hitler had concluded that Mussolini was worthless as an ally, and would offer an alliance on favourable terms to M. Laval. It was suggested that Hitler viewed the French Fleet and Mediterranean bases as more valuable to him as a means for coercing Britain.

This may well be true. Mussolini, for some time past, has been more of a liability than an asset to the Axis. He would have been the same to us, so let us be thankful that the first months of British war diplomacy came to naught.

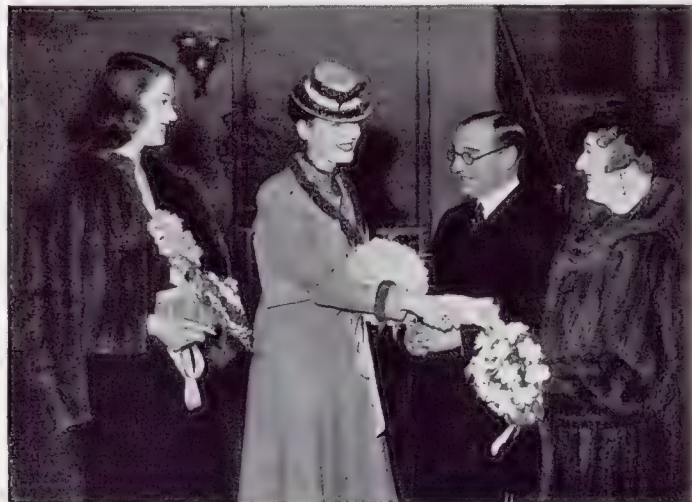
To Break Britain

IT is also obvious that if Hitler cannot afford to mark time indefinitely, and cannot press on east without running his head into much trouble—to wit, Turkey, Russia, Yugoslavia and so forth—he must redouble his effort to break Britain.

For a fortnight now he has

been trying to smash British morale. His night bomber pilots admit that they are sent out to bomb residential areas rather than military objectives, as we understand the term. He promised in his last public speech that he would bring proud Britain to her knees through starvation, and his submarines, mine-laying aircraft and bombers have certainly been taking a heavy toll of our shipping.

Some people in Whitehall believed that this was all preliminary to a new attempt at invasion, or a large-scale raid by land forces. This has led to renewed vigilance on the part of those who "look to our moat."



Cosmetic and Perfume Centenary

A luncheon was held at the May Fair to celebrate the establishment a hundred years ago of the House of Bourjois, famous for its perfumes and cosmetics. Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Pattinson, the managing director and his wife, greeted the guests of honour and are seen shaking hands with Miss Valerie Hobson, the famous film star and Miss Miki Hood (on left) the well-known model and film actress.

There's no mistaking Meltis New Berry Fruits! There's nothing quite like them... except of course the real fruit whose flavour they faithfully recapture.

They are sweetmeats for the very special occasion, so good that just a few satisfy and their delicious fruit flavour lingers on the palate. Five flavours, pear, gooseberry, raspberry, tangerine and grapefruit. Sold separately or assorted.

Sometimes you may not be able to get as much as you'd like—but you will like what you can get!

8½d. per quarter loose. Boxes, ½ lb. 1/6. 1 lb. 3/-. 2 lb. 6/-.

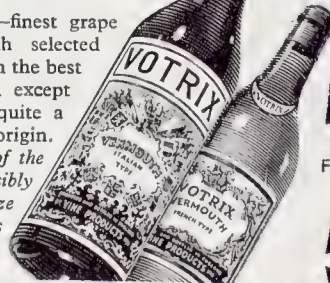
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ITALIAN
STYLE
(Sweet)

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STYLE
(Dry)

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THE CHRISTMAS CAUSE

The Silver Lady Fund

IN spite of the numerous inconveniences which have arisen on account of the war, the Silver Lady is still maintaining all her charitable work among the hungry and homeless; they can, in fact, still count upon her help at all times.

In addition to her usual activities she has established canteens on various parts of the coast for members of His Majesty's Forces, an innovation which is most truly appreciated. These are beneficent causes which are really worthy of recognition, and if you can send a donation to the Silver Lady this Christmas, you may be sure that your gift will be used to the best possible advantage, and will bring untold relief and delight to many who have little or nothing else in which they can find delight. Please send your gifts to the Silver Lady Fund, 6 Tudor Street, London, E.C.4.



On the Galley Front at the Barnardo's Naval School

British Prisoners of War Fund

THOUSANDS of pounds are urgently required to enable the fund to send books, games, music, sports equipment, and other recreational comforts to the 44,000 officers and men of the British armed forces now prisoners of war in Germany. This winter will prove a monotonous strain for them unless they can manage to obtain some measure of relaxation. You can help make their Christmas really cheering by donating whatever you are able to give to the British Prisoners of War Fund. These men have kept their bargain gallantly. Surely it is not asking too much to help them in their hour of trial. Donations, however small or large, are badly needed, and should be sent to the founder, Miss Christine Knowles, or the chairman, Sir Hugh Walpole, 580 Carrington House, London, W.1.

The Salvation Army

THE past months of intensified air attack on Britain have reaffirmed the capacity of the Salvation Army to act as an emergency organisation. The news of the intensive bombing of Coventry reached surrounding districts, and within fifteen minutes four mobile canteens, manned by Salvationist workers, were racing through darkness and danger to take gallons of hot tea and trays of food to A.R.P. workers, firemen, and the tragic homeless. First on the scene, these canteens went to places in the city which later canteens could not reach, because of damaged roads, and within a few hours they had distributed free food and hot drinks worth over £400.

It would be impossible to give details of the emergency work, but it has covered such varied matters as the provision of leaders and escorts for the Children's Overseas Evacuation Scheme; the serving of refreshments in large public shelters, including one used nightly by 8,000 people; communal kitchens; the organisation of reception centres for evacuees; supplying of clothing to air raid victims; setting up homes for aged people sent from the vulnerable areas; first aid posts at public shelters, and the constant work of mobile canteens where these are most required. These are a few of a host of the deeds accomplished by the Salvation Army. Donations to help in the continuance of this fine work should be sent to General Carpenter, The Salvation Army Headquarters, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR CALLING!

Christmas in Captivity

Thousands of our men will spend this Christmas in German Prison Camps, away from their homes and families, and greatly in need of CHEERING UP after long months of captivity. We are sending Christmas parcels to the men—and also Christmas games, amusements and music, so that Christmas can be celebrated in traditional manner even in the dreary surroundings of the prison camps. PLEASE HELP us to send as many parcels as possible—and also with the vital work of sending books, games, gramophones, and sporting equipment to relieve the appalling monotony and strain the men will have to endure this winter while in enemy hands. Donations, large or small, are most urgently needed and will be gratefully received by

SIR HUGH WALPOLE or MISS CHRISTINE KNOWLES
(Chairman) (Founder and Director)

BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR BOOKS & GAMES FUND
590, Carrington House, London, W.1

NOTE: Censorship regulations preclude acceptance of gifts in kind

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

DON'T LET THE WAR
SPOIL THE CHILDREN'S
CHRISTMAS!

8,250

Boys and Girls
constantly supported.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
TOWARDS THE MAINTENANCE
OF THIS NATIONAL WORK WILL
BE HEARTILY WELCOMED.

10/-

feeds one Child for
10 days at the
CHRISTMAS SEASON.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable Dr.
Barnardo's Homes, should be sent
to 330 Barnardo House, Stepney
Causeway, London, E.1.



OVER 2,700 BARNARDO OLD BOYS AND GIRLS SERVING

The Silver Lady
Canteens are helping
to feed London's
hungry and homeless.
We also have
Canteens on the
Coast for members of
H.M. Forces.

Please help by sending
a gift of money to:—

MISS BETTY BAXTER, The Silver Lady Fund,
6 TUDOR STREET, LONDON, E.C.4



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BENEVOLENT
AND
PROVIDENT
INSTITUTION
(FOUNDED 1839)

For the relief of distress
amongst disabled and aged
Members of all sections of
the distributing side of the
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and dependent children.

Nearly £10,000 is distributed annually in Pensions,
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The Secretary
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costs so little extra



Pay yourself and your guests the compliment of giving them the best port

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WHITE**
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*Lightweight
meals*



FOR IRONCLAD NERVES

A stomach loaded with starch means a mind heavy with nervous fears. Now, when everyone needs ironclad nerves, thousands of men and women are finding that a lightweight meal, with very little starch, has an astonishing effect on their nerves. Vita-Weat is the perfect all-British crispbread — crunchy, featherweight, containing the compressed essence of the whole, sun-ripened wheat.

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Try Vita-Weat for breakfast, served with fruit and coffee. Try Vita-Weat for lunch, with salads. Try Vita-Weat for tea, or as a supper savoury by smoothing on each crisp slice a tasty meat or fish paste.

It is patriotic to buy Vita-Weat

Every time we eat something that is grown and manufactured in this country we save valuable shipping space that can be used for bringing us munitions of war. That is why

★ thousands of people get an extra satisfaction out of Vita-Weat, for the wheat that goes into it springs from British soil, and British machines and British workmen turn it into the delicious crispbread that you know.

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Vita-Weat is one of the few valuable foods that have not gone up in price. Here's one more reason for laying in a good stock of this valuable, long-keeping crispbread.

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★ CARTONS 1/6 AND 10d

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Most Beautiful
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THIS will be a Christmas of utilitarian gifts. And what comes more into this category than a skirt... a 'GOR-RAY' "KONERAY" PLEATED SKIRT? Beautifully graduated knife-edge pleats ALL ROUND that taper off into a snug-fitting hip line... pleats that never gape, never come out. A skirt which is just as graceful and slenderising in the finest worsteds for more formal wear as in quality tweeds for country or sports. Ask your draper or store to show you this remarkable skirt. Prices from 33/6.

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"Koneray"
PATENT PENDING
PLEATED SKIRTS

Round the Restaurants

"The Tatler and Bystander" Guide to Lunching,
Dining and Dancing in Wartime London

The May Fair

JACK JACKSON gets some pretty big fish dancing to his band at the May Fair. And when the weekend comes round, Jack dashes off to tend fish which each week he hopes to find as big as those he has had happily gyrating on one of London's few reasonably spacious dance floors. For Jack Jackson, music-maker of the May Fair, is in his spare time trout farmer Jackson of Denham. So near to his heart are the trout that bombs and barrage notwithstanding, half-past two of a Saturday morning will find him regularly speeding from town to greet them at crack of dawn. Some even say he takes his trumpet to keep them as lively as the May Fair crowd.



Jack Jackson and
a big friend

And what a crowd it is. With Christmas and appropriate festivities in the offing, you'll be very lucky if you get a room in the hotel, packed as it is with people who know that here they can do all their celebrating comfortably under one well-protected roof. In fact, if you're thinking even of a table in the restaurant on one of the festive nights, and it's an idea well worth considering, you'd be most wise to make sure of it right now.

And be assured that Cassado, the May Fair's pelota-playing maitre-chef who came from his Basque homeland to London by way of Monte Carlo, will keep the food (even if it isn't quite the season for Jack's trout) right up to the highest traditions of a festival noted for its culinary connexions.

One sad loss the May Fair has suffered since last month is the departure of the wars of Massara, who so quickly made a name for himself as restaurant manager. Here's wishing him luck in the army, and a quick return when he has shown the enemy the full strength of a restaurant manager dealing with a rough customer.

The Meurice

THEY'RE certainly enterprising down Bury Street way. I mentioned a couple of months ago the way which was Quag's had adapted itself to the blitz by moving its evenings, Van Straten and all, into massive oaken safety below ground. That experiment has gone over in a big way, and the customers are packing into the Meurice just as they did in peace time, and for the same good reasons.

Now it looks as if they've rung the bell again, with daily tea dances from four to six, a time that needs filling nowadays with work starting and ending so early. There are a lot of people who like to jog their livers up to the strains of a good band, but who for one reason or another haven't had a lot of opportunity lately. They should go along to the Meurice, where they'll find Van Straten turning out just the sort of dance music that goes down best at that hour, a first-class floor, charming company and a charming atmosphere.

Either for a spot of relaxation between a hard day and necessary sleep, or as a prelude to an evening out (and why not make it an evening at the Meurice while you're about it), these thés dansant are the goods.

Hatchett's

WHEN you're next making a date with a lady for an evening at Hatchett's, go along half an hour early yourself. Go in at the Piccadilly entrance, and halfway down the stairs turn sharp right. Through a door, and there you are in Hatchett's men's bar. This admirable institution has been in operation for some two hundred years now, since the days when people used to drop down for a quick bracer before taking the coach which started for Richmond from Hatchett's front door. Latterly the clientele has consisted largely of travellers from places much farther away than Richmond; for Empire outposts on leave have long made Hatchett's their stalking ground for fellow outposts. In the fat red-covered book you will find names and addresses from all the "imagined corners." It is a way these people have of keeping in touch.

Now of course they are not so likely to come breezing in just back from China or the farthest Indies. More likely they will be coming uninformed from a North Sea patrol or a trip over Germany. But for the most part they are the same sort of people, with the same knowledge of what's good, and if you've been about a bit yourself you'll find plenty of friends coming in for a drink and maybe a snack (of which there is an admirable store).



The Old Boys meet
in the Old Bar

(Continued on page 458)

LANSDOWNE

BERKELEY SQUARE

LUNCH
DINNER
DANCING
SUPPER

LANSDOWNE ROW

30 feet under ground

TIM CLAYTON

and his
ORCHESTRA

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The May Fair Hotel

BERKELEY STREET, W.1

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In the Restaurant (official Air Raid Shelter)

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Boxing Night	"	26	-	-	25/-
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KINDLY BOOK YOUR TABLES EARLY. MAYfair 7777

Minimum Prices

Single Room and Bath	-	-	-	-	15/-
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4 Courses including Oysters or à la Carte

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Bouillabaisse
1 portion 5/-
3 portions 14/-

Homard
à l'Américaine
2 portions 14/-
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Civet de Lièvre
1 portion 4/6
3 portions 13/6

Pâté de Lapereau
4 portions 7/6

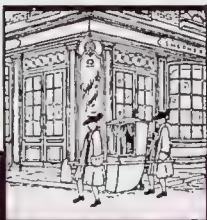
Pâté de Lièvre
4 portions 7/6

Shepherd's RESTAURANT

GROSVENOR 3017

Where Mayfair Meets

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THE NEW Queens BRASSERIE

FULLY LICENSED FOR
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NEXT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.



Gin makes the
Cocktail —
SEAGERS
make the gin

SEAGERS GIN

TRADE MARK

THE HOUSE OF SEAGER

ESTABLISHED 1805

DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN

FOR OVER 130 YEARS

Round the Restaurants

(Continued from page 457)

And if they've a bit more time to spare, you'll be seeing them again (still knowing what's good) downstairs in the restaurant, being welcomed by their (and I hope your) old friend Gerold and settling down to an evening which almost uniquely in nowadays London combines first-rate food and wine with first-rate entertainment.

This last is in the hands of Dennis Moonan, master of saxes all sorts, from little baby to guffawing grandpa, and wielder of a pretty fiddle during the session of old-fashioned waltzes played just so, which go over big with the customers every evening.

Singing with the Swingtet is Dorothy Carless, whom you've probably heard over the air with Geraldo, and whose vibrant low notes are just another thing that brings the fans to Hatchett's.

The New Queen's

MR. COPE of the New Queen's has lately been faced with a serious problem. He has found that more or less odds and ends were coming into his brasserie round blackout time, settling in for the evening and enjoying quiet and comparative safety together with that hospitality and entertainment which has never flagged at the Queen's, and strolling out five or six hours later having spent pretty well nowt. The while Mr. Cope's friends and regulars were howling for the tables so meanly usurped.

So take warning that from now on an evening at the Queen's will cost you not less than four bob a nob. It's in your own interests that this rule has been made, and who will say it's not a wise one? I grant you that with the prices what they are it's quite a job to spend that money, and you'll do yourself proud in the way of food and drink on the minimum.

But why not do yourself proud? Apart from sordid commerce, look what else you get thrown in. There's ex-circus-rider, last-war-Gunner Charlie in the bar to tell you how one day in the exercise of his former calling he jumped from a horse's back and when he came down there wasn't any horse any more in that particular spot. In the brasserie there's Java and his orchestra to have you singing and dancing your heads and feet off.

And above all there's the Queen's atmosphere, created under Mr. Cope's auspicious eye by all these good people, with the help of the host of willing regulars. Services people most of them, who know that this is the spirit which keeps off blackout blues and such-like. So they come whenever duty allows to the Queen's to ward off dull care with song and dance. All that, plus first-class food and first-class drinks, from the humble but ever-welcome bitter, via noble ales to a distinguished wine list and Charlie's cocktails, for four bob. We're not complaining.



Barman Charlie
pulls the Barley



The Post Office bar is
a good rendezvous

The Lansdowne

BY the time you attain field rank in His Majesty's Army you may be expected to know a thing or two. Perhaps that is why one may see so many gentlemen with crowns, and maybe more, on their shoulders eating at the Lansdowne.

Or drinking at the Lansdowne in that delightful bar where the cinema which is now the restaurant used to have its box-office, and where Sid now clinks the cocktail shaker to such effect that some dozens of R.A.F. squadrons are after his services when he gets his call-up, and his fellow-barmen have elected him president of their guild. He is also, by the way, a crack shot, very handy these days, though nothing could be further from open

manslaughter than the atmosphere of the Lansdowne.

Here, thirty feet below ground, everything from Fernandez downwards is as it was in the piping times of peace. True, the locale has changed, and in what you remember as "The Farm," a neighbouring Ministry, or such of it as lives with its work, is lucky enough to be catered for by the Lansdowne. But in the ex-cinema, the menu is no less varied, the wine list as rich as lengthy, and most important, the prices are reasonable as ever they were.

With it all goes the music of Tim Clayton and his admirable band who will quickly have you dancing if you're the dancing kind, good company, good service and all those little things that go to make a recipe for every dining-out book.

Maison Prunier

THIS bit is largely for the ladies, though other ranks may learn from it, too, especially if it reminds to give a gentle hint in their next letter from somewhere. It mainly concerns, in fact, Christmas presents.

You should by now have heard of Mme. Prunier's "Treasure Troves" (and how). Bouillabaisse and Homard à l'Américaine, jugged hare and pâté (lièvre or lapereau). And round about this time of year (most of all this year) they

take on a special significance. In airtight tins, carefully packed, Prunier service will speed these delicacies to your dispersed dear ones.

And said dear ones' vote of thanks will make the welkin ring in a lot of places at once. For these are no mere preserves, but true Prunier dishes with the real Prunier flavour, able to conjure up amid the most desolate waste a vision of St. James's Street and that memorable blue frontage.

And it's all so easy. If you can't get up to the West End (mess presidents might note this bit, by the way) forty-eight hours' notice by telephone, wire or letter, et voilà. If on the other hand you will be round S.W.1 between now and Christmas, you can make your shopping really enjoyable by combining the simple ordering process with one of Mme. Prunier's air raid lunches, oysters and all, as an advance Christmas present for yourself.

It's a wonderful way of simultaneously smoothing out the gift problem and treating yourself to food not often come by these days. Everybody happy?



Mme. Prunier can please your palate from afar

The Shepherd's Tavern

IT may seem early to be wishing people their Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, but Oscar of the Shepherd's has asked me to do it for him now, sending his good wishes to friends in the uttermost parts whom this may not reach any too early.

You will certainly find Oscar's friends in the uttermost parts, but such of them as can get Christmas leave will surely be found in the centre of it all, shaking Oscar by the hand in the Shepherd.

For new comers be it noted that food is in the great English tradition, tavern-style, but cooked and served with West End brilliance. And prices are graded to please and not to shock.

And this is also a reminder to the lucky ones that the flags will be flying more than ever on

Christmas Eve, with a real party, decorations, seasonable food, extension of licence, and all the boys and girls you've not seen since they were posted to somewhere and you to somewhere else.

And if you can't get there on Christmas Eve, Christmas lunch will be in the addition that fits in so well with Shepherd's own atmosphere. I daresay it'll be seeing you there. But if you can't make it, I wish you better luck next time.



A very fare Christmas, from Oscar

The Grosvenor Hotel

WITH times as they are and all sorts of stories going around, people like to know their old friends are still in the pink and all that. So a lot of old friends up and down the country will be taking note that the Grosvenor Hotel at Victoria is, like most of London, still standing where it did.

And by no means merely standing. There is the new American bar, for instance as a symbol of the march of progress. The old smoking-room has now been divided and you can have your drinks either sitting in its club-like leathern comfort or at the bar where Klondyke Clifford Harrison now deals with a rush of gold lace rather than the gold of his younger days.

Those many who have spent a night or nights at the Grosvenor en route for some place now shut off, may well remember these days its several feet thick walls and general air of massive impregnability. Your train may not nowadays be carrying you so far, but if it's up in the morning early to catch it, you'll find the co-ordination of Grosvenor service and the Southern Railway still in full operation.

Martinez

"WE do not disqualify the 'Cocktail' of modern times, but . . ." Thus Senor Martinez' list of aperitifs, crowned as it is by a variety of noble sherries. It takes one back to that Cambridge college, justly proud of an unsurpassed cellar, which warns of donnish didacticism against the infamous cocktail.

Martinez is more liberal minded, and cocktail addicts who visit his charming sherry lounge will not be baulked of their poison. But they will be missing something if they pass up such delights as his Tio Pepe, or, even more luxurious, some of those very old, very special wines which come in miniature bottles all of their own.

And both schools of thought will be missing a great deal if they let the fact that they can pop in at any licensed hour for a drink in these charming surroundings beguile them into forgetting that Senor Martinez serves meals as truly Spanish and as truly delectable as his sherries.

I commend you particularly to his hors d'œuvres, an imposing assortment of this and that, which is left (an admirable and rare feature of the house this) on your table in little dishes to be tucked into as and when.

Your only danger will be that you will be sore tempted to tuck so heartily that you won't be able to do justice to the equally good things that follow, and are served to you in truly magnificent quantities.



Sherry brings out the Latin in you

PETER HUME.

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Special Terms to serving Members of His Majesty's Forces

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Swan & Edgar Ltd.,
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If you've a relative or friend on war service or civil defence (and who hasn't?) you can show your gift for choosing the appropriate Xmas present by coming to Moss Bros. As a suggestion we illustrate a Mossbros. Service Waistcoat waterproof gabardine, interlined, which can be worn under jacket or battle dress with real comfort. There is also an immense range of other waistcoats and whichever you choose, you can be sure it will keep him really warm and will defy the fiercest wind that ever blew.

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Sheepskin - - - - - 65/-



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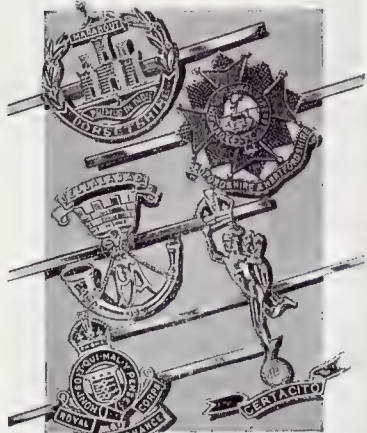


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Set in Platinum and Gold, hand-enamelled. Any design made to order. Coloured Sketches and estimates free.



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FINGER-TIPS IN UNIFORM

(AND IN MUFTI)



FINGER-TIPS in uniform are discreet. Most service women who come to the Peggy Sage Salon choose from the subtle range of pale polish shades. Women in the non-military services favour WHIMSY, a lovely subdued rose. But when women are in mufti (and what an exciting flavour that dull word has now that women have stolen it from men!) they gaily take their finger-tips out of uniform, and turn to Peggy Sage's more burning colours. FEZ, a dark clear red, vibrant and exciting, is an especial favourite. MANTILLA leads the 'mauve-toned' group. And for women who like subdued but romantic finger-tips REGENCY is the choice.

Of course, all Peggy Sage's polishes wear hard and long, standing up to the most exacting war-time demands.

You can buy Peggy Sage polishes, lotions and her other world-famous manicure preparations at all high-class toilet counters.

★ *Peggy Sage* ★

Finger-tip and Toe-tip Specialist

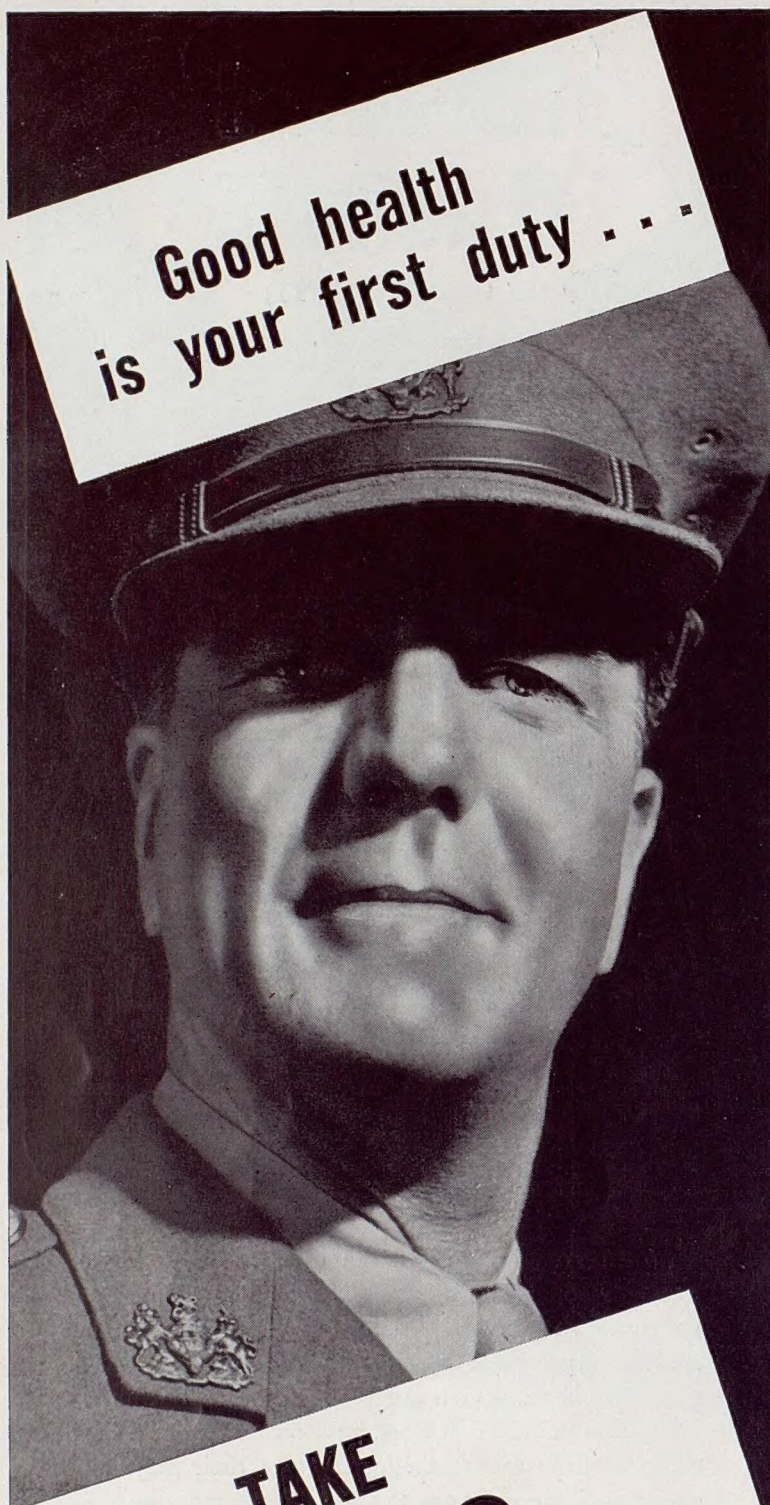
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Good health
is your first duty . . .



TAKE
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
first thing every morning
Doctors recommend Eno's!

A stockbroker advises . . .



Client : Take the case of my eldest sister. She's got two or three hundred pounds lying idle. What should she do with it nowadays?

Stockbroker : What is the first thing you would both look for in an investment?

Client : I would say, the certainty of getting the capital back.

Stockbroker : What rate of interest would satisfy you? A sure 3% would meet the case, I suppose? Then I strongly advise 3% Defence Bonds.

Client : But she doesn't pay the full standard rate of Income Tax and there will be all the trouble about reclaiming.

Stockbroker : No, no, no! That's one of their biggest attractions. The interest is paid in full every six months, and Income Tax is not "deducted at the source."

Client : But what about having to lock up her money for years ahead?

Stockbroker : She can always get the capital back by giving six months' notice. In case of emergency the capital will be repaid at short notice, less a deduction equal to six months' interest. If she lets it stay for seven years she will receive £1 bonus for each £100 invested.

Client : In that case, I've found her 'ideal investment.' I suppose your wealthy clients are taking them up in sackfuls?

Stockbroker : They wish they could! Unfortunately, everyone is rationed to a thousand pounds' worth.

Save regularly week by week. Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into Defence Bonds or National War Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.



Whether you are in uniform or not, on munitions or other Government work, don't neglect your skin because of changed conditions. Keep up the regular daily applications of Larola to tone and nourish the skin, to keep your face and hands beautifully soft, white and smooth. Larola, pure and free from all pore-clogging ingredients, is applied in a minimum of time it prevents red and roughened skin and is the ideal skin tonic for the busy woman. Write for a free copy of the Larola booklet, "The Cult of Beauty."

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Including Tax
1'11 & 3'2
a bottle

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There is no more delicate compliment you can pay to your guests, and no more lively satisfaction you can give yourself, than to serve OTARD'S BRANDY at the close of a meal.



It is a wise plan in these times to have a bottle or two of Otard's handy against any emergency that may arise.



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and **AIR FORCE BLUE**

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when replying to their
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Truly characteristic of the Briton is his preference for Player's. Typical of that simple good taste which concerns itself with simple things—good tobacco, for instance. Inevitable that Player's should become as much a part of Christmas as the pudding or the holly!

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Player's



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in the shelter
PREVENTS
COLDS & 'FLU

IT is doubly important to keep free from colds, which sap vitality and open the way to serious illnesses. Other people's colds, especially in shelters, cinemas and public places, must be avoided and easily the most pleasant means of protection is provided by Vapex, your Home Guard against colds and 'flu.

Relieves headache and stuffiness

A drop on every handkerchief is a simple enough precaution, but you will find it wonderfully comforting when you have to spend time in stuffy ill-ventilated shelters. Inhale Vapex deeply and often — and the most 'fuggy' atmosphere becomes breathable and bearable. The penetrating vapour keeps the head clear and refreshes the whole respiratory system.

N.B. A drop of Vapex on the end of your pillow gives comfort and protection while you sleep.

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